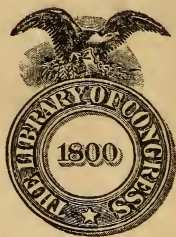


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DONA
IGNEZ DE CASTRO,

A
Tragedy,

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

OF

NICOLA LUIZ, *da Silva*

WITH

REMARKS ON THE HISTORY OF THAT
UNFORTUNATE LADY,

BY

JOHN ADAMSON.

*Contra tua Dama, o peitos carnicieiros,
Ferozes vos mostrais, e cavalleiros?*—CAMOENS.

*O foul disgrace, to knighthood lasting stain,
By men at arms an helpless Lady slain!*—MICKLE.

NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY D. AKENHEAD AND SONS.

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD,
HIS MAJESTY'S
ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER
PLENIPOTENTIARY,
TO THE COURT
OF HER MOST FAITHFUL MAJESTY,
THIS VOLUME
IS,
BY HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION,
INSCRIBED,
BY
HIS LORDSHIP'S
MOST OBEDIENT AND HUMBLE
SERVANT,
THE TRANSLATOR.



REMARKS.

THE distressing narrative of Dona Ignez de Castro has not only been a favourite subject for historians and travellers, but has afforded a theme for poets and the writers of the drama. Camoens has introduced it into the third canto of his *Lusiad*, in an episode, which may be esteemed the happiest production of his great mind; and has exerted all his powers to paint her distresses in the most pathetic manner. Voltaire, though in other respects a detracter of the fame of Camoens, acknowledged the superior grandeur of his genius in this passage; and says, "There are few parts of Virgil more tender or better written."*

The following remarks are selected from the different histories and travels which have noticed this subject:†

* "Il y a peu d'endroits dans Virgile plus attendrissans et mieux écrits."

De l' *Essai sur la Poesie Epique.*

† *Historia del Reyno de Portugal de Faria y Sousa.* Murphy's *Travels in Portugal.* Mickle's *Translation of the Lusiad, &c. &c.*

Dona Ignez was the daughter of Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro, a Castilian nobleman. He commanded the frontier army of Alonso XI, king of Castile, in 1337; but, on account of favours received from Alphonso IV, then king of Portugal, and from his father Denis, he refused to fight against that country and took refuge in its court.

In Dona Ignez were united all the charms of beauty, and the most graceful and accomplished manners.

Don Pedro,* son of Alphonso IV, and heir apparent to the Portuguese crown, was a prince of a noble and brave disposition, and whose exploits had rendered him illustrious. He became enamoured of the charms of Ignez, and waving all considerations of birth and fortune, was privately married to her at Braganza, by the bishop of Guarda.

This, however, was concealed, and his intercourse with Dona Ignez, passed at the court as an intrigue of gallantry. But the nobility having got intimation of his marriage, and jealous of the preference shewn to Ignez, took every opportunity of repre-

* Don Pedro was at this time a widower, his first consort the princess Constance, daughter of Don John Emanuel of the blood royal of Castile, and whose mother was of the house of Aragon, having been dead some time. Dona Ignez attended this princess to the Portuguese court.

sending her as a woman of unbounded ambition, and pretended that very fatal consequences might be dreaded from such an alliance. They alledged that her brothers,* who were very powerful in Castile, might destroy the prince's son, Fernando, by the lady Constance, in order that one of their nephews might inherit the crown. They also said that Dona Iñez was not of sufficient quality to be a queen, but in this they were mistaken, for she was of the blood royal,

* The brothers of Dona Iñez deserted, with several others, the cause of the Castilians, in the early part of the reign of Fernando, who succeeded to the throne of Portugal on the death of his father Pedro. Fernando bestowed vast possessions on them that came over to him; particularly the brothers of Dona Iñez. To Fernando, earl of Castro Xeres, he gave fifteen towns, and to Don Alvaro Perez de Castro his brother, he gave eight towns, with the earldom of Arroyolos, and the office of constable,† then first instituted. It was the greatest charge in the kingdom, being generalissimo or captain general of all the forces. It has been hereditary in the noble family of the famous Don Nuno Alvarez Pereyra, but now the duty of such charge is performed by the generalissimo, who is appointed at the king's pleasure. It answers to the ancient title of Lord High Constable of England.‡

The author of this play has therefore taken a small historical liberty, by introducing the character of the constable into it. His error as to this personage is, however, not in the least detrimental to his character for truth, as any other titled person would have fully answered his purpose.

† Faria y Sousa. ‡ Vicyra.

and her sister* sat on the throne of Castile. They even went so far as to hint that the princess Constance had been murdered, to gratify the prince's attachment to Dona Ignez, and tried every method to turn the resentment of the king against her.

Alphonso, who sought such an alliance for the prince as would strengthen the succession to the crown, and who himself had been an undutiful son and a cruel father, but a great and fortunate warrior, and diligent in the execution of the laws, lent a too willing ear to their insinuations; and was at last persuaded to murder her.

Dona Ignez, at this time, resided near Coimbra, in the palace of Santa Clara, where she passed her time in the most private manner, attending to the education of her children,† and to the duties of her

* Married to Henry, count of Transtamara, brother to king Peter, the successor of Alonso XI. Henry drove Peter from his dominions and usurped the crown.

† The prince's children, by Dona Ignez, were, 1st Alphonso, who died a child. 2d. Denis, who refusing to kiss the hand of queen Ellenor, wife of king Ferdinand, went into Castile, where he married Joanna, bastard daughter of king Henry. 3d. John, who, by the advice of queen Ellenor, killed the lady Mary Tellez de Menezes, his own wife, and the queen's sister; he should have succeeded king Ferdinand; but John, king of Castile, kept him a prisoner, and in the mean time his bastard brother, also named John, usurped the crown.

domestic affairs. The king, who was then at Montemayor, took a journey to Coimbra. The prince unfortunately was abroad on a hunting party, when the king arrived. Dona Ignez, apprized of his approach, went out to meet him with her infant children, and throwing herself at his feet, implored him to pity them. The feelings of nature for a while interested him in her favour, but his counsellors, Pedro Coelho, Diogo Lopez Pacheco, and Alvaro Gonsalves, urging the necessity of her death, and reproaching him for his disregard to the welfare of the state, he relapsed into his former resolution. By his orders she was dragged into his presence, and with the utmost aggravation of inhumanity murdered before him.

This bloody transaction was scarce concluded when the prince arrived. Finding those eyes, which were wont to watch his return with impatience, closed in death, he gave way to all the bitterness of distraction, and in the fury of his resentment invoked the vengeance of heaven to punish the monsters, who had deprived him of all he held dear upon earth.

b

In Castile, he married Constance, bastard daughter of king Henry. 4th. Beatrix, wife of D. Sancho, earl of Albuquerque, bastard son of Alonso XI. king of Castile.

FARIA Y SOUSA.

As soon as her remains were interred, he put himself at the head of an army, who, sympathizing in his distress, carried fire and sword through the country between the rivers Minho and Douro, and laid waste the estates of the murderers. He then marched to Canaveses, where, by the interposition of his mother, and the archbishop of Braga, he was prevailed upon to disband his army, and became reconciled to his father. But the cries of his grandchildren still echoed in the ears of Alphonso, and the bleeding image of their mother, was constantly before his eyes. Finding his end approaching, and conscious that the prince would be revenged on the murderers of Dona Iñez, he advised them to fly. Death at length commiserated his situation, and, full of repentance, he expired at Lisbon in May, 1357.

Don Pedro now ascended the throne in the 37th year of his age. He no sooner obtained power, than he began to meditate revenge for the death of Iñez. The murderers had fled into Castile, previous to the death of the late king. In their absence the prince ordered them to be tried on a charge of high treason, and, being found guilty, their estates were confiscated. He next contrived to seize their persons, by proposing to the king of Castile that they should make a reciprocal exchange of fugitives, a matter which was easily accommodated, for at that time there were in

Portugal a few Castilians* whom he knew the king was equally desirous of getting into his power. Alvaro Gonsalves, and Pedro Coelho, were accordingly arrested and sent in chains to Portugal. Diogo Lopez Pacheco got intimation, while out hunting, and exchanging garments with a beggar, escaped into France.

The king was at Santarem, when the delinquents were brought before him. He instantly put them to the rack to discover their accomplices, but without effect. He then ordered them to be laid on a pyre formed contiguous to a banquet, which had been previously prepared; and, whilst they agonized under lingering torments, their hearts were cut out, one at the breast and the other at the back. The pyre was then set in a blaze, in presence of which he dined, as they evaporated in flames. After this, he summoned an assembly of the states at Cantanede; before which, he solemnly swore he had taken Dona Iñez de Castro to wife, at Braganza, in the presence of the bishop of Guarda, and the Signor Lobato, Master of the Robes, both of whom confirmed the

b 2

* Peter Nunnez de Gusman, Lieutenant of Leon. Mess Roiz Tenorio, Ferdinand Gudiel de Toledo, and Fortun Sanchez Calderón.

truth of his attestations by an oath. The bishops of Lisbon, Porto and Viseo, and the prior of Santa Cruz, with many other persons of respectability, published the marriage; the causes why it was concealed; and the dispensation granted by Pope John XXII. on account of their being within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity.

The body of Dona Ignez was lifted from the grave in the church of Santa Clara, at Coimbra, placed on a magnificent throne, and with all the insignia of royalty crowned queen of Portugal. The nobility did homage to her skeleton, and kissed the bones of her hand. After this ceremony, her corpse was removed to Alcobaça, with a pomp hitherto unknown in the kingdom. Tho' the distance between the two places was seventeen leagues, yet the road was all the way lined on both sides with people holding lighted tapers. The funeral was attended by vast numbers of noblemen and gentlemen of Portugal, dressed in long mourning cloaks, their ladies attending dressed in white mourning veils. Her monument is still extant, and is next that of her husband Don Pedro. Her statue is adorned with the diadem and royal robe.

This, with the legitimation of her children, and the care he took of all who had been in her service, consoled him in some measure and rendered him more conversable than he had hitherto been: but the

cloud, which had been cast over his mind was never totally dispersed, and nothing could divert his attention from ruminating on the fate of his beloved Ignez.

The impression the death of Dona Ignez made upon the mind of Don Pedro was strongly characterized, not only in the tortures he inflicted on her murderers, but also, in all the acts of his administration; which, from their severity, induced some to give him the appellation of Pedro the Cruel; others Pedro the Just, and others *o Justoceiro*, signifying the Severe. Upon the whole it appears that the title of Pedro the Just, most properly belonged to him. History cannot afford an instance of any prince, who has a more eminent claim to the title. His diligence to correct every abuse was indefatigable, and when guilt was proved, his justice was inexorable. The anecdotes told by his historians, of his justice, are innumerable. He was dreadful to the evil, beloved by the good; rank was no protection, and his inflexible severity never digressed from the strictest justice.* Though the fate of Ignez chagrined and soured his temper, he was of a gay and sprightly disposition; affable, and easy of access. He delighted in music and dancing; was a lover of learning, a man of letters, and a poet.

* Camoens has given a very spirited character of Don Pedro.—Lusiad canto 3, and Mickle's notes.

The romantic retreat of the prince and Dona Iñez, is thus described by Mr Link.

“ The country round Coimbra, is uncommonly beautiful and mountainous, and extremely cultivated. The mountains are covered with small pine woods, with some German oaks. The vallies are watered by brooks, and full of gardens, quintas,* neat summer-houses, and even monasteries; and adorned with olive and orange trees; and the Portuguese cypress in abundance. The Mondego winds before the city and on both sides of it is a very narrow and very fruitful vale, which this rapid stream inundates in winter. In the distance, on one side, are seen the high mountains of Lousao; and on the other, that of Bussaco, whose solitary summit is adorned with a celebrated monastery of Carmelites; and its quinta with high shady cypresses. Those to whom the ascent is not too laborious, will here find the richest variety. Opposite to Coimbra, on the bank of the river, is the Quinta das Lagrimas, or Garden of Tears; with a fountain of the same name; which rises at the foot of a hill shaded by fine Portuguese cypresses. Don Pedro and Dona Iñez de Castro, shewed great taste in the choice of this little spot, where Coimbra with its charming surrounding country, displays itself to the eye. In the

* Quintas are the Summer mansions of the Portuguese, Summer-houses small fancy buildings.

romantic valley of the Mondego, the Quinta of Tears forms a spot over which Fancy seems to hover in all her sportiveness, and if poetry has ever sent forth a few sparks of radiance in Portugal, it has been the offspring of this charming vale. Camoens, who studied at Coimbra, has often celebrated the beauties of this enchanting spot: his fiction, founded on the popular name of the rivulet, is in the true spirit of Homer.”—Link’s travels in Spain and Portugal.

“ Thou, O nymph, the while,
 Prophetic of the God’s unpitying guile:
 In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,
 By fear oft shifted, as by fancy brought;
 In sweet Mondego’s ever verdant bowers,
 Languishing away the slow, and lonely hours:
 Which, now as terror wak’d thy boding fears,
 The conscious stream receiv’d thy pearly tears:
 And now as hope reviv’d the brighter flame,
 Each echo sigh’d thy princely lover’s name.
 Nor less could absence from thy prince remove;
 The dear remembrance of his distant love;
 Thy looks, thy smiles before him ever glow,
 And o’er his tender heart endearing flow;
 By night, his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
 By day, his thoughts still wander o’er thy charms;
 By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,

Each thought, the mem'ry, or the hope of joy.

* * * * *

Ye distant forests, and ye flow'ry dales!
 When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
 You heard her quiv'ring lips on Pedro call.
 Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
 And Pedro, Pedro! mournful sigh'd around;
 Nor less the wood nymphs of Mondego's groves,
 Bewail'd the mem'ry of her hapless loves;
 Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive rill
 Transform'd their tears; and weep and murmur still;
 To give immortal Pity to her woe,
 They taught the riv'let through her bowers to flow;
 And still through vi'let beds, the fountain pours
 Its plaintive wailing, and is nam'd Amours."

Mickle's *Lusiad*, canto 3.

Such is the story, which has given birth to so many tragedies. In 1695, the *AGNES DE CASTRO* of Mrs Catherine Trotter, afterwards Mrs Cockburn, appeared at the theatre-royal. The plot is taken from a French novel of the same name,* and met with great success; it was printed in the same year in 4to.†

* *Bibliothèque des Romans*, par. M. le C. Gordon de Perceval. vol. 2. p. 108, Amsterdam, 1734.

† This novel, which was printed at Paris, in 1688, was translated by Mrs Behn, into English, and has but a very distant connection with the history of the times, and the story of Dona Iñez de Castro.

† Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*. Barker's List of Plays.

In 1762 or 1763, appeared *ELVIRA*, written by Mallet. He was under great obligations to Monsieur de la Motte, his *Elvira* being nearly a translation of the tragedy of that author, founded on the same subject. It had a run of nine nights, but never afterwards appeared, and was printed in 1763.*

The *INES DE CASTRO* of De la Motte is written in a style too lofty and blustering. Its language is unsuited to the character of its heroine; and it wants all the pathos and elegance of the *Lusiad*.

Luis Velez de Guevara in his Spanish Tragedy, intituled, *REYNAR DESPUES DE MORIR* is much superior to De la Motte, and has followed the dictates of nature, and the episode of Camoens. Don Pedro talks in the absence of his *Ignez* with the beautiful simplicity of an Arcadian lover, and she implores the tyrant with the genuine tenderness of female affection and delicacy.†

In the 6th volume of *El Parnasso Espanol*, compiled by Don Juan de Sedano, and published at Madrid, in 1768 and the following years, are two Spanish Tragedies, written in 1577, by F. Geronimo Bermudez. They are intituled *NISE † TO BE PITIED*, and *NISE CROWNED WITH LAURELS*; or the

c

* Murphy's Life of Garrick. † Murphy's Travels in Portugal.

† *NISE* I imagine to an anagram of *INES*, so fond of punning are the Spanish Dramatists.

History of Dona Ignez de Castro, Princess of Portugal. They are each in five acts, and in blank verse, with double chorusses, of which three are sapphic.

The Dona Ignez de Castro of Nicola Luiz, of which the following sheets are a translation, approaches nearest to the truth of history, and possesses a considerable elegance of composition. The author had no occasion to resort to fiction to engage the passions, as the simple facts are sufficient to fill up the scenes of pity and of terror, and to shew what excess of love and revenge may be infused into the human mind. He represents the sensibility of Ignez with a masterly simplicity, and, however the translator may have succeeded, the author has certainly described her various emotions at the apprehension of being deprived of her children, her lover and her life, with all the luxuriance of tenderness, and brevity of eloquence, that characterize the purest models of the drama.

There are two other tragedies in the Portuguese language, founded on the same subject; one of them, by Domingo dos Reis Quita, may be found in the works of that author, published at Lisbon, 1766, in 2 vols. 8vo. It is in three acts, in verse, and has been translated into English prose, by Benjamin Thompson, Esq. and was published in London, in 1800. The other, by S. Sylveira, was printed at Lisbon, in 1764, and has been translated into German.*

* Twiss's Travels in Spain and Portugal.

ERRATA.

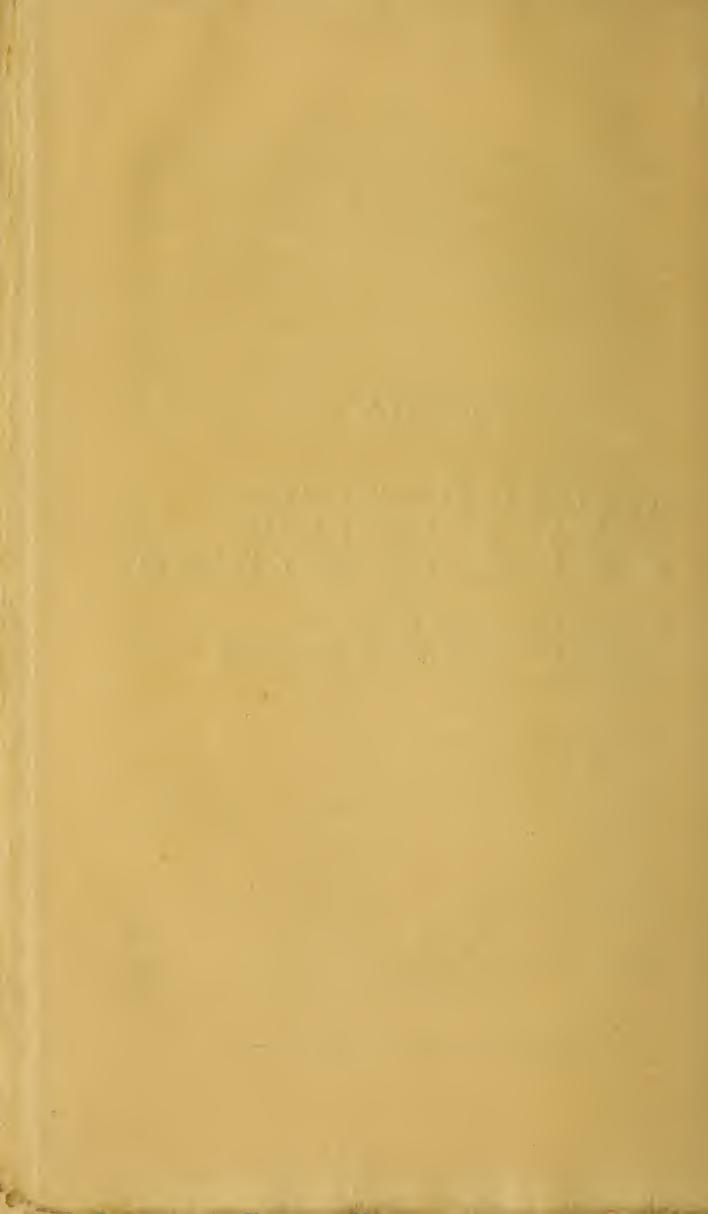
PAGE 8, LINE 18, for Signior *read* Signor.

p. 77, l. 4, — IGNES, *r.* IGNEZ.

p. 88, l. 22, — I'll no more, *r.* I'll hear no
more.

p. 98, l. 1, *dele* KING.

p. 102, l. 4, for darkens, *read* darken.



DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

ACT. I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON ALPHONSO - - - - *King of Portugal.*
DON PEDRO - - - - - *His son, heir to the throne.*
THE CONSTABLE of PORTUGAL.
NUNO DA CUNHA.
EGAS COELHO - - - - }
ALVARO GONSALVES } *Councillors of the King.*
D. ALPHONSO - - - - - } *Sons of Don Pedro and*
D. DINIZ - - - - - } *Dona Ignez de Castro.*
DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO, *Wife of Don Pedro.*
VIOLANTE - - - - - *Her Attendant.*
DONA BRANCA - - - - - *Princess of Navarre.*

GRANDEES of PORTUGAL, GUARDS, &c.

Scene, at and near the City of Coimbra in Portugal.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Quinta of Alvaro Gonsalves.

Enter

THE PRINCE DON PEDRO & THE CONSTABLE.

DON PEDRO.

NOW Constable! that we're arriv'd within
The palace of Alvaro Gonsalves,
Reveal the secrets which oppress you so.
With sorrowing look you did intreat me,
While tears fast trickled down your aged cheeks,
To leave my sports upon the mountain's top,
And to this Quinta bear you company.
Complying with your wish, at your request
I left the chace and my diversions there.
Let my affection, the respect I feel
For your old age, spent in noble actions,
Which e'en will make posterity envious,

Excuse my impatience.—My earnest zeal
For the welfare of my country urges it:
Besides, it has ever been my nature,
To feel an int'rest in another's woes.
Consider it therefore as a duty,
Reveal to me the cause of this your grief,
Nor any longer leave me in suspense.

CONSTABLE.

My lord, my prince!
The chief cause of my grief, the just complaint
I have to make,—but my heart grows timid,
And the words half-form'd are stiff'd in my breast;
I'll kiss* your hand, your pardon crave, and beg
Permission to unfold what lies conceal'd
Within my breast; grief which my obedience,
Fidelity, and care, have given birth to.
You, my honour'd prince, for long have witness'd
The many services I've done the state;
To these I do appeal—

DON PEDRO.

But against whom is your complaint?

CONSTABLE.

Against yourself.

* Kissing the hand is a common mark of respect in Portugal.

DON PEDRO.

How!—Against me?

CONSTABLE.

Alas, 'tis true! You are the only comfort
Of my worn out life—when the gracious Lord
Of Heaven first fill'd with light those princely eyes,
He sent a brave defender of our rights,
A great protector to the Lusian throne;
But ah! How shall I say it, you, my prince!
Wish this day to turn my joys to sorrow.

DON PEDRO.

Away with all reserve, you are my friend;
I wish to know your grief; and through respect
To those white locks, that venerable head,
I'll give attention to your case, and now
Await compliance to my wish—'gainst me—
Or just, or no,—I do desire to hear
The cause of your complaint—relieve your grief.

CONSTABLE.

Unconquer'd prince! My ever gracious lord!
Animated with the royal goodness
With which your highness always honors me,
I will, in pursuance of my duty, now
Unfold what you so much desire to know.

'Twas by the king's commands I brought you hither:
Him I left near Coimbra.—

DON PEDRO.

Why from Lisbon?

CONSTABLE.

In search of you, and to this palace comes,
Audience demanding of his much-lov'd son.
Your betrothed bride doth journey with him,
Who languishing in your absence—

DON PEDRO.

Peace, Constable! For I can hear no more—
The means he's us'd to force upon me
A bride I hate, and who I ne'er can wed,
Has caus'd my absence from the court of Lisbon.

CONSTABLE.

Heavens! How passion blinds that manly soul.—
O my prince! My lord! Why wish to shorten
Yóur father's life, alas! now near worn out
With royalty's heavy duties. The nobles
And the public voice demand your nuptials,
And the princess bath'd in tears, fearful of
An alienation from your love, requests
Your prompt compliance with the royal promise.

Your absence too from court doth grieve the king,
And hastens on his end.—And will a prince
Just, learn'd, and prudent, and of powers so rare
As fit him for the empire of the world,
With such distractions rend the nation's peace?
This is the cause of my complaint.—O prince!
I see the king afflicted for your sake,
And fain would pour sweet balm into his soul.
The princess is betroth'd, and all demand,
With eagerness, th' auspicious morn that brings
Such welcome joy to father, nobles, commons.
You, my lord! 'midst the splendour of a court
Were born to rule; and in this one respect
The people's wish should guide their prince's choice.

DON PEDRO.

Now I've heard you out—but if for the crown
I am to violate my nuptial vows,
Why then I'd rather be without the crown;
Happier to me, and what my soul would wish,
Relinquishing at once all pomp and splendour,
To live with her I love.—But Constable!
Let's speak to the purpose: Should my father
Or his subjects want successors to the throne,
There is the prince Fernando:* should he die

* Fernando, son of Don Pedro and the princess Constance, succeeded his father in 1367, being at that time 27 years of age.

Before his brow shall bear the weighty crown,
I can present two pledges in two infants,
My own legitimate sons.

CONSTABLE.

Then 'tis certain you are Castro's husband!

DON PEDRO.

'Tis true!

CONSTABLE.

Heavens! What anguish presses on my soul.

DON PEDRO.

Why take it so to heart? Why this distress?
Is not my Ignez worthy to partake
The regal pomp of universal empire?
Her many virtues, make her doubly so:
Besides, flows not in her veins the royal blood
Of Spain and Portugal?

CONSTABLE.

O Signior! Why kept you so long that secret,
Which after, in disclosing, might have been
Cause of such disturbance in the kingdom.

DON PEDRO.

Prudence then told me, that I should be silent,

Now 'tis my duty to declare my marriage ;
The news of which, when it shall reach the king,
Will fill his heart with gladness, and with joy,
And Ignez and myself shall share his smiles.

CONSTABLE.

Heaven grant it may be so!—Yet much I fear
Your refusal to espouse the princess
Will much provoke his rage.—But see, he comes!

Enter THE KING.

KING.

Let my followers attend without.—

DON PEDRO.

My dearest father! Prostrate at your feet
Allow your son to fix upon your hand
The surest mark of his obedience.

KING.

Rise prince!—Scarce can I o'ercome my rage.—
(Aside.)

DON PEDRO.

Why comes my father to Mondego's vale.

KING.

Pedro! Need you wonder here to find me:

I came to seek you. Tell me, how is it
 That Lisbon is so odious in your sight,
 The splendour of the court doth not delight you?
 Is it because within its walls reside
 Your father and your spouse? You cannot wonder
 That Coimbra hath charms for me, when there
 I find a son so duteous to his sire.

DON PEDRO.

I was on the point of setting off, when—

KING.

Constable! You may retire—

CONSTABLE.

Alas! I dread the anger of the king.

DON PEDRO.

O my life! My much adored Ignez!
 I fear my father is incens'd against thee,
 But death alone shall violate the vows
 By which I swore to love and to protect thee.
 How shall I break this awful gloom. (*Aside.*) My
 liege!
 If love's a fault; but Oh, alas! I fear
 That face which us'd to look with kindness on me
 Betrays some anger brooding in your breast.

KING.

Proceed! What love is this has seiz'd your brain,
And drives you thus to avoid my presence.

DON PEDRO.

I dare not speak it,—(*Aside.*)

KING.

You say that love usurps within your heart
An arbitrary reign. How can you hope,
That all your arts combin'd can now resolve
The sacred ties which I have destin'd for you?
To perfect these, my honor lies in pledge.
Pedro! This maxim ever keep in mind,
That our first care should be, That he who rules
And sways the sceptre of a state like this,
The people's good, the welfare of the nation,
To private int'rest ever should prefer.
If, headstrong, we endeavour to oppose them,
It is a flagrant injury done the state.

DON PEDRO.

The state acknowledges and the world admires
The prudence, which, my liege! you've ever shewn
In all the actions of your happy reign;
That the public weal did ever guide your thoughts,
The nation's welfare, and the people's good.—

But O my sire! Do not so far demand
The strict obedience of your wretched son,
Nor force an union that his soul detests.

KING.

A royal father holds it as his right
To wed his children for their nation's good.
To strengthen constitutions, and to quench
The flames of war, princes have always sought
Daughters of foreign kings to share their thrones.
'Tis wanton tyranny that rests its head
On the lascivious bosom of delight,
And sells its country for its interest's sake.
With all a parent's tender fondness, long
I've toil'd to find a partner for the throne,
You soon must fill. At last my choice devolv'd
On one where love and beauty had combin'd
To work perfection—Branca of Navarre.
To Portugal, as royal bride she comes,
But you in coldness from her presence fly.
Silent in grief she mourns, while her wan cheek
Betrays the hidden anguish of her soul.
As to a daughter consolation soft
As mercy oft I give, and often pour
The vial of pity on her heaving breast.
That you comply my royal word is pledg'd;
But with a tyrant and ungrateful son

A father's honour is not sacred held,
And he forgets the parent that has watch'd
The wants and weakness of his infant years.
The princess hither my companion came,
And in the adjoining hall attends,
Impatient of your absence. Hear my will—
If not with all the love her beauty claims,
And all the rev'rence that her birth demands,
Yourself you do demean unto your spouse;
Never again the father seek in me,
But power offended, majesty severe.
If still perverse, you dare oppose my will,
Force shall extort consent. O beauty, thou
Hast often filled the bitter cup of woe!
What tragic scenes hast thou been privy to?
Ruin and rapine by thy tender side
Full long have travers'd o'er this mortal stage.
Was it not thee who pour'd into the eye
Of Helen all the magic light that wrapt
Troy's citadel in flames, and did not thou
Languish with Cleopatra in the arms
Of Anthony, and Egypt overthrow.
O let not Portugal these horrors feel;—
Let not thy furies loose to fill our plains
With hostile banners and the shrieks of death!
Pedro! You are my son, my vassal still,
Embrace the wishes of a loving sire,

Or dread the vengeance of an angry king.

(*Exit.*)

DON PEDRO.

O cruel, cruel threats! But they are vain. Ne'er can
Her image from my breast be torn, nor shall
Such horrors for my Ignez vex the state.
Ignez! Oh! what were Cleopatra's charms,
Or Helen's beauty, when compar'd with thine?
Thy cause is virtue's. Yes, my life, my love!
By every tie I'm bound, for ever thine.
But soft! The princess comes: Unto her ear
I will reveal the story of my love.

Enter the Infanta, DONA BRANCA.

DONA BRANCA.

See where he stands, his mind deep fix'd in thought.—
O Love! Use now thy efforts in my cause,
With winning sweetness now inspire my tongue,
To charm the prince. (*Aside.*) My prince, my lord!

DON PEDRO.

Most beautiful Infanta! Permit me
To salute your royal hand.

DONA BRANCA.

Hold, my lord!

DON PEDRO.

Nay do permit it, gentle Branca!

DONA BRANCA.

Ah!

No, no—It must not be—I must not have
Caresses, which, not flowing from the heart,
Bring coldness with them; and it cannot be
A pleasure to your highness to salute
A hand he cares not for.

DON PEDRO.

O gentle princess!

For want of ardour you forbid my lips
To plant false kisses on your beauteous hand:—
You see me cold, but ah! you know not why?

DONA BRANCA.

Too well I know, I'm odious in your sight.
Led by the hand of hope, I came to seek
A princely lover: but I find his heart
Another fills, and leaves no room for me.

DON PEDRO.

Ah! weep not thus.—Your high attractions soon
Will bless you with a happier prince than me.
The sun of fortune often bursts the gloom

Of darkest ills, and comes when least expected.
 The Power that gave you such uncommon charms,
 Hath doubtless in reserve, a worthier lord
 Deserving of your virtues.

DONA BRANCA.

What do I hear!
 Heavens! my blood runs chill!—A worthier lord!
 Am I then so soon devorc'd—so soon shut out—
 Quite lost to your affection? Does Pedro
 Thus coldly treat th' Infanta of Navarre?
 At your father's suit, my brother sent me
 To be your bride, and, as I fondly hop'd,
 To share the coming honors of your house. O prince!
 Frown not on me. Am I, alas! the cause,
 That sadness gathers up your brow, and like
 A mourning statue motionless you stand.
 To you I am betroth'd; and even now
 Th' Infanta of Navarre the king proclaims
 Princess of Portugal.

DON PEDRO.

That ne'er can be.
 While Ignez lives, she shall be idol here. (*Aside.*)
 Princess, a moment your attention grant,
 I have a secret for your ear, that long
 Has laid conceal'd within my breast. Listen.

DONA BRANCA.

To hear fresh insult is insanity.
 But yet I'll suck the poison from his tongue,
 That I may mix him up a deadlier draught.

(*Aside.*)

Proceed.

DON PEDRO.

I do beseech your highness hear.
 In Spain I saw the beauteous princess, Constance,
 I sought, I gain'd her love, and made her mine;
 But soon had I, alas! to mourn her loss.
 Attendant on her, to my father's court,
 A lovely fair one came. The royal blood
 Flow'd through her veins, and with a bounteous hand
 Nature on her had lavish'd all her arts.
 Ignez de Castro was the lady's name.
 But for her beauty, Portugal and Spain
 Call'd her 'The Lady with the swan-like neck.*'
 Princess, forgive the ardour of my words,
 Yourself have equal charms.—My consort's death
 So fill'd my soul with grief, I thought it proof
 Against all beauty's power. But love, enrag'd
 To see me quit his shrine, infuriate shot

C

* In the original, *Collo de Garça*, The neck of a heron.

A thousand sharper arrows through my heart.
While in the palace grounds one eve I walk'd,
The rosy sun just gliding from the sky;
That blessed time when dubious twilight comes,
More splendid beams illumin'd then my soul,
Than e'er the morning sun could proudly boast.
The beauteous Ignez, like a statue fair
Of alabaster, leaning, seem'd t' adorn
A fountain. On her beauty oft I'd gaz'd,
But ne'er till then had seen her half so fair,
So gentle and attracting. Through the boughs,
Cover'd with flowers, awhile my swimming eyes
Rov'd wildly, and, unable to endure
The flame that so with rapture thrill'd my veins,
I long'd to speak. She saw me, and surpriz'd,
The beauteous colour of her cheek grew red.
Love gave me utt'rance, but her modest fears
Sought refuge from my sight. Life of my soul,
I cry'd, if heaven has form'd thy face divine,
Let not thy heart be cruel! It is not so,
She pitying answer'd; and her magic voice
Stole in such sweetness on my list'ning ear,
I swore in strongest terms to make her mine:
The church soon seal'd the vows my lips had made.
My father then with wint'ry eye look'd on
And judg'd our constancy illicit love;
At last, to tear us from each other's arms,

Unknown to me, your highness was proclaim'd
My spouse. Fond hope still flutters round my heart;
For just and wise, O princess! as you are,
To frustrate power misus'd, raise up the head
Of infant hope—be gentle to my wife.
Our union with two infants heav'n hath blest,
Sweet emblems of their mother; and our love
Is now the burden of the village song.
A little fountain, where at morning oft
My babes with Ignez come to wait their sire,
The peasants call 'the Fountain of Amours.'
I pray your pardon, I mean no offence,
But with sincerity to tell you all.
If Portugal has not a prince for you,
How many monarchs will rejoice to hear
What insult you esteem. But, Ignez, now
Thy tender heart o'erwhelm'd with boding fears
Perchance my absence blames.—Princess! adieu,
The body should be where the soul exists.

(Exit.)

DONA BRANCA.

Heavens! Do I breathe and hear these insults?—Yes,
I breathe revenge for all the wrongs I suffer.
What infamy! thus boldly to declare,
For Ignez he disdains my proffer'd hand.
Then Ignez die—yes, yes, thy doom is seal'd.—

Since 'tis for thee I suffer this disgrace,
 I will be savage to revenge my wrongs.
 Not all thy tears, nor all thy looks of woe,
 Shall lure me from my purpose; and the king
 Bound by his honor now shall do me justice,
 And drag this Ignez from her lover's arms.

(Exit.)

ACT I. SCENE II.

A Garden.

Enter

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO, AND VIOLANTE.

VIOLANTE.

Beauteous Signora! you seem quite fatigu'd?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Oh! my Violante! I'm quite worn out.

VIOLANTE.

O cruel love! Whene'er the prince is gone,
 The live long day you wander thro' the fields.
 To see your grief the birds forget their song,
 And the sweet flowers bend their beauteous heads;

For, like Aurora ush'ring in the morn,
Your lovely eyes are still impearl'd with tears.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Ah! Violante! little dost thou know,
What awful images possess my soul.
My eyes grown dim with tears, no longer view
The morning's brightness with such rapt'rous joy,
As at th' auspicious dawning of our love,
When Pedro present, happiness and joy
Went hand in hand to charm us with delight.
Alas! those days are gone, and I have lost
My peace of mind.—My hopes of joy are fled.—
I wander by the peaceful river's bank,
Where oft at eve with Pedro I have stray'd.
O Mondego! my tears increase thy stream,
And now thy banks afford me no delight.
But when my prince returns to cheer my heart,
I dry my tears, put on a look of joy,
Conceal the grief which would distress his soul,
And with dissembled pleasure hear his love.
But now the magic of his tongue is fled,
Which, once in concert with the feather'd choir,
Form'd melody divine. No more for me
With pleasure Spring adorns the river's bank;
I hate the shepherd's song,—'tis sadness all.

VIOLANTE.

Whence is the source of this consuming grief?
Burns not the prince's heart with that pure flame
And constant faith it ever did?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O Yes!
He loves me still.

VIOLANTE.

Then moderate your grief.
I know you love the prince.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Yes:—Death alone
My passion can abate.

VIOLANTE.

Whence then your fears?
By ties most sacred is he not your spouse?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

I fear the vengeance of an angry king,
And from that time the princess Branca came
Hither invited as my Pedro's wife,
My boding heart oppress'd with heaviest woe,
Has never known e'en momentary ease.

I see a gath'ring storm ready to burst
And spend its direful fury on my head.
I see a sword unsheath'd to pierce my heart,
And call my love to succour and protect me.
If heaven sheds thro' my soul a ray of hope,
And peace returns; still these distracting thoughts
Hang out their gloomy terrors o'er my mind.—
I dread the picture which my fancy draws.

(She sits down on a bank.)

VIOLANTE.

Pardon, dear madam, my officious love;
If e'er a frightful dream disturbs my sleep,
And when awake, I find it but a dream,
My heart rejoices that th' illusion's fled.
Come then, dismiss your fears, be not alarm'd;
But happy in the prince's faithful love.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Happy indeed I was, and still my soul
Could happiness enjoy; but, Oh! I see
A princess come to claim my Pedro's love,
Hostile to me, and arm'd with royal power;
And if her wish succeeds, what may I hope?
Where art thou, Pedro? O my lord, my life!

VIOLANTE.

The prince, distracted by your constant grief,

Seeks by the chace to ease his anguish'd soul.
Let not his absence thus diffuse a gloom,
For soon my lord returns.—But, hush! she sleeps,
O heaven! look down with pity on her woe!—
I'll bring her tender babes, whose pretty smiles
Can soothe her sorrows:—O most welcome sight!
The prince in haste approaches.

Enter DON PEDRO.

DON PEDRO.

Violante!

VIOLANTE.

My lord!

DON PEDRO.

Where is my soul's delight, my Ignez?

VIOLANTE.

Here on this bank her eyes are clos'd in sleep.

DON PEDRO.

Ignez, my life!

VIOLANTE.

Soft, soft, my gentle lord!

DON PEDRO.

I can't be silent here.—Ignez, my love!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Stay—Oh! Stay.

(Dreaming.)

DON PEDRO.

My life!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Off cruel tyrant!

Do not murder me.—Pedro! O my love!

(Waking.)

DON PEDRO.

My angel!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

'Twas then but fancy.

DON PEDRO.

Sweet idol of my heart! O my Ignez!

Come to these longing arms; here shall you rest,

Here shelter find from all your fears.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O heavens!

What joy to meet thee thus!

DON PEDRO.

With what delight
I fondly gaze upon thy beauteous charms,
Now soften'd by your tears.—But tell me, love!
The cruel dreams that caus'd your gentle fears.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

I thought I felt the pangs of death come o'er me.
I saw a savage lion, prowling for his prey,
Tear my sweet infants from my lov'd embrace.
I saw him in the act to slay their mother.

VIOLANTE.

O unhappy Signora! Thy poor heart
Doth ne'er enjoy a moment's peace.—My lord!
Whene'er your highness leaves her, bath'd in tears,
She sighs away the hours; and if soft sleep
Steal o'er her weary eyes, in horrid dreams,
She views some impious wretch, with terror arm'd,
Intent on murder.

DON PEDRO.

Ah! distracting thought! (*Aside.*)

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Why dost thou fear, my love? Why, Pedro, let
My suff'rings wound thee thus? Speak, tell me all;

Whence this sad gloom which now hangs o'er thy brow?

DON PEDRO.

Can I be happy? when I see thee thus.
No, no, thy Pedro faithful to thy love,
Must still partake thy grief and share thy joy.
'Twould be a crime against the bonds of love,
To view unmov'd the sorrows that oppress thee.
But come, my life! and let my hopes revive,
Nor dull the lustre of those lovely eyes,
Those sweet revolving stars, which ever us'd
To gaze and beam with fondness on thy Pedro,
I must not see them thus eclips'd with tears.
Send through my soul a glance of that sweet look,
Which ever added brightness to thy charms.
I your adorer and protector am,
Then wherefore fear a wild unmeaning dream?
Imagination oft presents to view
Horrid prospects to affright our sleep;
And could we dissipate the clouds of time,
The ills we bear will be our greatest good.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O Pedro! If thy gen'rous soul would pour
Some healing balm to cheer my drooping heart,
Forsake me not. Now indeed I want thy help.
Let that pure love, that faith with which you swore

To guard me, now be mine.

DON PEDRO.

Can you e'er' doubt
My love?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

The beauty of th' Infanta—

DON PEDRO.

Ne'er can move me.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Does not your father look
With kindness on her?

DON PEDRO.

Am I not thy husband?
Have not I sworn to love thee?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

She knows it not.

DON PEDRO.

Soon shall she know I'm thine. To her I will
Assert thy claim.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Heavens! Is the princess then
In Coimbra?

DON PEDRO.

Why fear Branca's presence?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O my full thoughts! I feel as if my blood,
Forgetful of its course, froze in my veins.
And his majesty?—

DON PEDRO.

He journey'd with her.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O wretched Iñez! then thy fears were true.
Pedro, Pedro! Do not now forsake me.

DON PEDRO.

I forsake thee. O heavens! Do not wrong me,
E'en to suppose me guilty of the crime.
Iñez, my life! If in my power it lies,
Still may'st thou hope to sit upon the throne,
And share my love as queen of Portugal.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

'Twas not the pleasing prospect of a throne
Nor wish of empire that e'er made me yours;
'Twas no ambition to be call'd a queen,
That rais'd me up to dignity like this.

All that my soul desir'd were Pedro's love
And rural comfort, dearer far to me,
Than all the gorgeous splendour of a court.

VIOLANTE.

My lord! The royal guards approach the quinta.

DON PEDRO.

How! Can it be my father?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Ah whither
Shall I fly? Where conceal myself?—

DON PEDRO.

My angel!
Do not fear, when I am with you.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Pedro!
Oh! Leave me to my fate.

DON PEDRO.

Nay fly not, love!
Stop and address the king. Do not retire;
I'll go and learn the cause of his approach.

(Exit.)

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O sweetest babes! Companions of my sorrows!
Perhaps this very moment is the last,
That I may clasp you to my beating heart.

VIOLANTE.

Dear madam! They come—

*Enter the two Children, DON ALPHONSO and
DON DINIZ.*

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Come, O come to my arms, my dearest babes!

DON ALPHONSO.

O my dear mother, tell me, why you weep?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

For you, my babes! I weep, whose tender age
Demands the kind attention of a mother.
Alas! Perhaps for ever soon we part.
O my sweet children! Alphonso, Diniz!
Dearest offspring of my tenderest love.—
Cruel fate! Thus to rob me of my peace,
Of all my comfort.

DON ALPHONSO.

Do not weep, mother!
Indeed it grieves us.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Your grandsire orders
That you go with him to Lisbon.

DON ALPHONSO.

Then, mother,
You'll go with us?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Oh! I go to sleep
Within the silent tomb.

VIOLANTE.

Nay, dear lady,
You wish to kill us with these mournful, sad
Predictions.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Alas! they are the offspring
Of my wretched heart. But, what do I see?
The princess and the king.

VIOLANTE.

O do not grieve.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Can I cease my sorrows when I see her?
O my full heart! What dost thou now presage?

In his dark frown I see a judge severe,
In her a princess hostile to my life.

DON ALPHONSO.

Dearest mother! Who are they?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Your grandsire
And the princess of Navarre.

DON ALPHONSO.

Let me see him,
And I'll kiss his hand, and make him love me.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Where—Whither shall I fly? my heart will break.
(Conceals herself with the children.)

Enter the KING, the INFANTA of Navarre, DON
PEDRO, ALVARO GONSALVES, and
EGAS COELHO.

KING.

Pedro I cannot—will not hear you further.

DON PEDRO.

O torment dire!—The world proclaims your goodness.

KING.

Pedro! no more, my patience is worn out,

I'm weary with the hopes of your amendment.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O my sad fate! The king is much enrag'd.

(Aside.)

DON PEDRO.

Why is my father so severe with me?

KING.

A son that rashly spurns his father's power,
Should ne'er again enjoy his father's love.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

I have not power to speak, I'm struck with fear.

(Aside.)

EGAS COELHO.

Princess! observe the justice of the king.

(Aside to Dona Branca.)

ALVARO GONSALVES.

The king determines to support your cause.

DONA BRANCA.

He speaks not bold enough, nor makes my wrongs
The subject of his rage.

KING.

The time is come,
When you, as my successor to the throne,
Must bow submissive to the public choice;
Now must my royal promise be fulfill'd.
Prepare to-morrow to receive your bride,
If you refuse, my double anger dread.

DON PEDRO.

What tyranny is this?—

DONA BRANCA.

Mark you the prince,
See, how the ingrate stands.

(To Egas Coelho and Alvaro Gonsalves.)

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O cruel fate!

O heaven support me while I plead my cause!

(Enters.)

A humble vassal trembling at your feet,
I beg permission to salute your hand.

KING.

How beautiful!—How modest!—How discreet!—
I must have pity on thy wretched state.

(Aside.)

DONA BRANCA.

O spurn her hence! and hasten my revenge.

(*Aside.*)

KING.

Ne'er did she seem so lovely in my sight. (*Aside.*)

Rise, Dona Iñez!—Beauteous Iñez, rise!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Where can I bend my knees with more, Ah! where
With such propriety as at your feet?

May heaven look down with mercy on your liege,
And long preserve your empire and your health.

KING.

Iñez! arise.

(*Tenderly.*)

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

There's mercy in his eye.

(*Aside*)

KING.

What modest speech! what chaste, what virtuous looks!

(*Aside.*)

DON PEDRO.

Rejoice my heart!—He pities her distress,
He sees my Iñez, gentle, wise, and good.

(*Aside.*)

DONA BRANCA.

The king attends too much.—O burning rage!
How shall I prison thee within my breast.

(*Aside.*)

Enter the children, DON ALPHONSO and
DON DINIZ.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Diniz, Alphonso! go, my sons! and kiss
With reverence and with love the royal hand,
Which can avert th' impending ills I dread.

DON ALPHONSO.

Come, Diniz! We beseech your majesty,
Permit us to salute your royal hand.

KING.

How beautiful! What images divine
Of all the gentle charms their mother wears,
They will convert my rage to tender love.
Come here, sweet boy! and tell me, what's your name?

DON ALPHONSO.

Alphonso, Sire! your grandson, servant too.

KING.

How know you, child! that you my grandson are?

DON ALPHONSO.

My mother said so, and I'm happy, sire,
To call you by so good and kind a name.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

You're right, my child! The king is good and kind.

KING.

You have a prudent mother too.—But soft.
Affection must not now subdue my heart!

(Aside.)

DONA BRANCA.

What do I see? What injury is this?
He lavishes caresses on her babes,
When he did swear to hasten my revenge.

(To Egas Coelho, and Alvaro Gonsalves.)

KING.

Infanta, come!—Ignez, I bid farewell!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

May heaven's sweet mercy long protect your life,
And to your highness let me humbly crave—

DONA BRANCA.

I'm flatter'd by your prayers.

(Ironically.)

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Could you not once
Conceal your rage?

DONA BRANCA.

What feign'd humility!

DON PEDRO.

With tow'ring pride, th' Infanta views my spouse.
But Ignez is discreet, and well can bear
The savage throbbings of her furious heart.

(Aside.)

DONA BRANCA.

Whence am I come, and whither shall I go?

KING.

With me, Signora.

DONA BRANCA.

Am I ever thus
To meet opprobrious looks, and e'en
Before my rival insults to receive.

KING.

O bitter task impos'd on majesty!
What grief and sorrow has it cost my heart,
To view this tragic scene? While one demands

My feelings to take pity on her woes,
The other tells me I must be severe.—
But speak, Infanta! What is your desire?

DONA BRANCA.

If thus her suff'rings move your tender heart,
Then pardon Ignez, and let Branca go.

(Ironically.)

EGAS COELHO.

My liege! The welfare of the state depends
On what your majesty may now resolve.

KING.

I know it, and my soul is torn with grief—
But justice shall determine what is right.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

Believe me, to secure the kingdom's peace,
The nuptials of the prince must be perform'd.

(To the king.)

KING.

Torment like this would rend an iron heart!

DON PEDRO.

What have these specious courtiers urg'd? I know
The wily sycophants my ruin plot.

DONA BRANCA.

O Patience bear me up, I faint with rage. (*Aside.*)
Shall we not go, my liege?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Once more,
My gracious liege! permit these lips to press
Your royal hand.

KING.

Unhappy, wretched king!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

And grant these lovely babes one parting kiss.

KING.

What innocence is pictur'd in their looks!
Children, Farewell!

DON ALPHONSO.

My grandsire dear, adieu!

KING.

Will you, my child! with me to Lisbon go?

DON ALPHONSO.

O no, my liege! our mother is so kind,
That when we're absent, she does nought but weep.

KING.

These tender words bespeak your mother's care.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

To your protection, Signor! I commend
These helpless babes; and if their mother's lot
Can't claim a guardian for their early years,
Yet for your Pedro let them share your love,
And pity me.

KING.

I cannot hide my grief.
Beautiful, unhappy Ignez! would to God,
That Portugal had never seen thy face.

DONA BRANCA.

My liege, I cannot look upon her charms.
*(Exeunt King, Infanta, Egas Coelho, and
Alvaro Gonsalves.)*

DON PEDRO.

My duty, dearest Ignez! bids me go
To know his pleasure and his last resolve.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Oh! Pedro, Pedro, will you leave me thus?

DON PEDRO.

O my soul's delight! my love attend thee,
Till I return with joy to soothe thy heart.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Alas! when you are gone, my joys are fled,
And ne'er return but with my love.

DON PEDRO.

It grieves me,
Ignez! now to leave thee. Alphonso, Diniz!
Stay with your mother. *(Kisses them.)*

DON ALPHONSO.

Let us kiss your hand.

DON PEDRO.

My Ignez, my life!
Farewell, my love, adieu!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Heaven guard my prince.
'Tis death to part with what one's soul doth love,
Pedro, farewell! my lord, my life, adieu!

End of Act First.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace of Alvaro Gonsalves.

Enter

ALVARO GONSALVES, EGAS COELHO and the
INFANTA.

DONA BRANCA.

Go, Egas! Tell the king I am resolv'd.
Too long the coldness of his son I've borne,
His offers unperform'd too long have mourn'd;
Tell him my mind is fix'd, and that this night
I set out for Navarre.

EGAS COELHO.

Infanta! hear,
While we impart his majesty's commands.

DONA BRANCA.

Great are the insults offer'd to my rank,
And my proud spirit will no longer bear
To be thus treated. Yes, I am resolv'd—
I still have power this contract to annul;
My proffer'd hand, disdain'd, shall ne'er be his.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

If Ignez has to-day with piteous look
Disarm'd his rage, and with her tale of woe
Into his affection stol'n; urg'd by your wrongs
To-morrow's dawn will see him more severe.

DONA BRANCA.

Will not her tears again prevail? Will not
Her pretty babes, on whom he fondly doats,
With sure success still plead their mother's cause?

EGAS COELHO.

The king is prudent, and his manly soul
With mildest means will strive to gain the prince,
And thus from Ignez his attention call.

DONA BRANCA.

Th' attempt is vain.—He never can succeed!
How firm the sacred tie which binds the hearts,
Where but one thought, one wish alone prevails?

ALVARO GONSALVES.

His majesty's commands, when arm'd with threats,
Can ne'er be disobey'd. Without its flame,
The prince's heart will soon forget to burn.

DONA BRANCA.

Too many insults I've already borne.

'Twould not become a princess of my rank,
Thus calmly to look on and suffer more.

EGAS COELHO.

Princess! your nuptials, tho' thus long delay'd,
Will end your sorrows and your wrongs redress.

DONA BRANCA.

There is no happiness for me. The prince
To Iñez gave his hand before I came.
Alas! Don Pedro uses no deceit,
I had the fatal story from himself.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

Princess! To you his majesty declares,
The prince avails himself of this device,
T' excuse his coldness and protract your joys.

DONA BRANCA.

This is new insult. His wishes to avoid
These nuptials strongly prove his hate to me.
What madness is it then, to wed a prince,
And odious in his sight, to bear his scorn,
And not enjoy his love?—There is no cause,
For him to play the stern deceiver thus.

EGAS COELHO.

Iñez! Thy life must answer for his crime.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

How sad the thought, that murder must be us'd!
But 'tis his majesty's commands. Princess!
Your wrongs demand her death.

DONA BRANCA.

What has thou said?
The horrid thought doth freeze my blood. 'Tis true,
I came to wed the prince, but mighty heavens!
I did not come the murd'rer of his wife.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

But—

DONA BRANCA.

Peace!

EGAS COELHO.

Princess! The king draws near.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

He comes
By kind persuasion to retard your flight.

DONA BRANCA.

With new excuses to torment me.

Enter the KING.

KING.

Infanta!
Dearest daughter! Let your goodness pardon
My long absence.

DONA BRANCA.

This courteous language—

KING.

Princess! your virtues all my love demand,
Far short of that which fires the lover's heart,
When nature wildly fans the flame.

DONA BRANCA.

My liege!
These gen'rous words proclaim a heart sincere.
You see your son cold to each blooming charm;
His callous heart denies the power of love:
But by your kindness you relieve my woe,
Yourself at once a father and a lover.

KING.

Dear Branca! time, and that polite respect
He owes to you, will teach his heart to love.

DONA BRANCA.

O pardon me, my liege! no more of this,
But let my speedy absence be the theme.

KING.

Oh! will you leave me then?

DONA BRANCA.

Unconquer'd king!
Illustrious Alphonso! Permit me now
To unfold the cause of my departure;
And in the little time, that is allow'd,
To speak the sorrows of my heart. My liege!
At your request, a contract was agreed
Between my brother and your majesty,
That I should wed Don Pedro; and with him
Enjoy the honors of your house. For this
I enter'd on my voyage, unhappy fate!
To suffer insult and the keenest grief.
I sought the golden banks where Tajo's waves,
Exulting, lash fair Lisboa's happy walls.
Your majesty with splendour took me in.
But vain were all my hopes, and short my joys!
I was prepar'd to give your son my hand,
With it a heart tender and full of love;
But his affections were, alas! engag'd.
He never came to welcome me on shore,

But I, from Lisbon to Mondego's vale,
In search of him have journey'd. These, my liege!
Were deeds before unknown, and quite averse
To that civility to strangers due.

I trust your majesty will not look on
And see me wrong'd? The prince has told me all
The sacred promises by which he's bound.
The tale still rings with horror on my ear;
I cannot tell it, but have felt it sore.

Pardon, my gracious liege! my ardent speech,
For my full heart, which beat so high with love,
Hath cause of much complaint against your son.

I sought the palace where De Castro dwells,
And there contempt was added to my woes.

For Ignez, stealing on your tender heart
With soft expressions, now subdues your wrath,
And proudly boasts a victory complete.

I told the prince my wrongs should be reveng'd,
For, know, my liege! I could no longer bear,
To be the witness of my own disgrace.

When I have left your kingdom, let the prince
Declare his marriage to the public ear;
Perchance it may diffuse a general joy.

And if, my liege! you listen to her prayers,
Why wish to stay my flight? You rather ought
To praise my prudence, than to wish delay.

May heav'n shower blessings on your kingly head.

(Exit.)

KING.

Stay! princess, fly me not. Alvaro, haste;
Th' Infanta must not go.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

Beloved king,
Consult the nation's welfare and your own.

(Exit.)

KING.

How can I assume the judge severe,
When all my feelings muster in her cause?
Far, far too well th' Infanta's wrongs I know;
Yet still the tears of Ignez fill my soul
With pity for her wretched, mournful fate.

EGAS COELHO.

My liege! The safety of the state demands
The nuptials of the prince should be perform'd.

KING.

How Ignez loves my son! What violence
Must now be us'd! Just heaven direct my hand,
I know not how to act.

EGAS COELHO.

If Ignez lives
Your efforts will be vain.

KING.

Then must she die?

EGAS COELHO.

For one life spar'd, how many may be lost?
Consider well, my liege! the kingdom's peace.

KING.

I fear it must be so.

EGAS COELHO.

Here comes the prince—

KING.

Now, Egas! I must act an arduous task;
Put on the sullen gloom of majesty,
And from my heart dismiss a parent's love.
If by persuasion I can't win him o'er,
Then shall he tremble underneath my power.
Retire until I call.

EGAS COELHO.

Our safety now
Demands the nuptials of the prince.

(Exit.)

Enter the PRINCE DON PEDRO.

DON PEDRO.

My liege!

KING.

What now?

DON PEDRO.

O goodness! What a frown is that?

KING.

Speak, miscreant! tell your wish.

DON PEDRO.

These frightful looks

Choak up my speech, and bind my falt'ring tongue.

KING.

This mild demeanour doth surprize me much,

This apt obedience calls my wonder up.

Do you remember what my orders are;

That, when to-morrow's sun shall gild the sky,

The princess must be yours?

DON PEDRO.

That ne'er can be.

KING.

Pedro! 'Tis my command, and all your arts
T' oppose my will are futile and absurd.

DON PEDRO.

Why, do you wish to break the sacred tie,
Which ought for ever to unite our hearts?
And where, but from his parent, should a son
Implore sweet mercy in the hour of woe?
Of whom but of a father pity ask
T' absolve his crimes? But all my tears are vain;
Severity has knitted up your brow.

KING.

You, Pedro! are the cause of all my rage,
And of your own misfortunes. When a son
Shall dare to be ungrateful to his king,
Justice shall take its course; paternal love
Should ne'er oppose its sacred power. Pedro!
You know our laws, how truly just they are,
And with what wisdom fram'd? By them I rule,
By them in all my actions must be sway'd.

DON PEDRO.

Rigour like this, my sire! opposes all
The throbs of nature and a father's love.

KING.

When you forget your duty as a son,
Then to my vassal I must give commands;
Loose all affection, which a parent feels,
And as a monarch be severely just.

DON PEDRO.

What would you do?—Do you desire my death?
If so, behold me prostrate at your feet;
Chastise me as the meanest of your slaves,
I never shall forget that I'm your son.
O Ignez! What can now appease his rage?
Thou ne'er in thought or deed hast done him wrong.
My wretched wife! No grief can melt his heart,
Or turn his thoughts from vengeance and thy death.

KING.

Unhappy Pedro! I thy sorrows see,
And from my soul I wish to ease thy grief.
But how can I submit, who am his king,
He my son and vassal. It cannot be— (*Aside.*)
Pedro! hear me, to delay these nuptials
But increases more your crime. I cannot
Violate my word, nor is it just I should.

DON PEDRO.

Not violate your word, my gracious liege!

Then how can I resolve my sacred vows?
My father! See me kneeling at your feet,
Then pierce, Oh! pierce my heart, and let me die;
But urge me not to wed the princess Branca,
An order which I never can obey.

KING.

Peace, rash boy! Dare you to your sov'reign speak
In terms like these? You know not that respect,
Which, by the sacred laws that rule the world,
Is due to majesty.—Who can safely live,
Where mad rebellion tramples on the laws,
And riot and misrule their empire hold?
And yet, how nature struggles in the breast,
When fathers are to judge their ingrate sons.
To day, I hear you've to the princess urg'd
A thousand idle reasons to delay
Your nuptials. Pedro! I could never think,
My orders thus you'd rashly disobey.
Heaven grant! in this I am deceiv'd, if not,
Thy death, O wretched Ignez! must ensue.

DON PEDRO.

Oh! hold my liege, what furious spirit now
Would hurry you to cruelty like this?
Ignez I made my spouse at love's command,
And must her innocence absolve my fault?

'Twas I, who lur'd her virgin heart, 'twas I,
Who led her from the flow'ry walks of peace;
On me your vengeance hurl, on me alone.

KING.

Fir'd by her beauty, you have madly run
From crime to crime, and disobey'd my will;
For this 'tis right she dies.

DON PEDRO.

Merciful God!
Soon will your ire rebuke the bounteous hand,
That spread such lavish beauties on her face.

KING.

What dost thou say, mad youth! The hand of heav'n
Gave her not beauty to disturb the state.
I do command her death.

DON PEDRO.

Ah! Is there then
No hope for me?

KING.

My orders are, she dies.

DON PEDRO.

O deadly rage! Oh, change this sad resolve!

H

KING.

Never.—My mind is fixt, I am resolv'd.
Deadly my rage shall be to her and you.

DON PEDRO.

Tho' by your stern decree she's doom'd to fall,
Yet with my life I will defend my love.

KING.

And all thy fond endeavours will be vain.

DON PEDRO.

Ah! will you bring perdition on your son.

KING.

A villain.

DON PEDRO.

A father's cruelty has made him so.

KING.

Peace, peace, rash boy! correction shall descend
On Ignez, like red lightning fierce; and thou,
Whether it give thee death or endless woe,
Shall never see a smile upon my face.

DON PEDRO.

Father or king, I care not; midst this woe,

Nought but to save her life shall guide my thoughts;
And should she fall—

KING.

What—Do you threaten me?

DON PEDRO.

O my father! I know not what I do,
For who can suffer such distressing grief,
And wear a patient brow? These cruel threats
With horror shake my soul, and I forget
The strict obedience that I owe to you.

KING.

This is too much to bear: Coelho, here.

Enter EGAS COELHO.

EGAS COELHO.

Your majesty's commands.

KING.

Conduct the prince
A pris'ner to the castle: See 'tis done.

DON PEDRO.

Have you all pity lost? all tender love?
And does the father's blood run cold within you?

KING.

Yes I have lost all pity, and your crimes
Have frozen all the father in my veins.

DON PEDRO.

Then if compassion will not Ignez spare,
Away all filial love—affection hence.

KING.

Egas! obey my orders.

DON PEDRO.

Oh! my sire!

EGAS COELHO.

My lord! To the castle—

DON PEDRO.

Peace, Coelho.
O father! hear me,

KING.

What now?

DON PEDRO.

Spare her life.

KING.

Ingrate! she dies. I do command her death.

(Exit.)

DON PEDRO.

Oh! horrid sentence! sad distressing fate!
Where am I? Who can comfort now afford?
Or who console me now?

EGAS COELHO.

Most august prince!
Your pleadings bring new vengeance on your head,
Come, follow me—

DON PEDRO.

Enough!—I know too well
This slipp'ry courtier is my deadly foe. (*Aside.*)
Am I then your pris'ner?

EGAS COELHO.

You are. My prince!
The king commanded so; his orders were
That I should guard your highness to the tower.
A trust impos'd for loyalty to the state.

DON PEDRO.

Yes, yes, he did intrust you with the charge.
A day of sadness 'tis to me; but, dread!
In gloom to-morrow's sun may hide its beams.

EGAS COELHO.

Glooms may arise, disgrace may ruin bring!
But Portugal my loyalty shall have,
Whether the morning lower, or smile in peace.

DON PEDRO.

Obey your orders,—lead me to the castle.

EGAS COELHO.

My lord!—

(Exit. bowing.)

DON PEDRO.

Ignez! Who shall now advise thee;
Who tell thee of the dangers that surround thee?
Yes!—breaking thro' the prison gates, my love,
Amid the friendly gloom of night I'll come,
To save thy life, or suffer in thy cause.

(Exit.)

ACT II. SCENE II.

The open Country.

Enter

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO, AND VIOLANTE.

VIOLANTE.

If you would not wish to meet the princess,
Retire into the Quinta, ere she comes.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Indeed I dread to meet her, yet my heart,
Tho' thus cast down, rejoices in the hope,
That from the royal chace the prince returns.

VIOLANTE.

The huntsmen this way lead.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

And comes the prince?
Is Pedro in the train?

VIOLANTE.

Why so anxious?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O Violante! I've a woeful heart,
When he is absent, sadness glooms the hours.

VIOLANTE.

The royal guards approach. Shall we retire?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

My anxious eyes cannot behold my love.
Heavens! Where is my Pedro? Where is my lord?

VIOLANTE.

In converse with a knight, whose goodly form
Stands first amid the throng, the princess comes.
Dear madam! they approach us very near.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

My feelings tell me I should not retire.

VIOLANTE.

Where can you patience find to speak with her?
Who, in the presence of the king, to day
Exulted o'er you with a laugh of scorn.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

I'll mildly try to soften down her rage,
And win her savage spirit into peace;

Before her feet I'll fall to plead my cause,
And make my direst enemy my friend.

VIOLANTE.

The king beheld you with a gentle eye,
Why ask her pity or her anger dread?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

With secret wiles she may pervert his thoughts,
And change the love he shew'd me into hate.

VIOLANTE.

I ne'er would stoop her pity to implore,
Yourself her equal both in rank and beauty.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Tho' I'm her equal, I must ask her aid;
Now in the prime of life, and married to
The heir apparent of the Lusian throne,
A deed, alas! unsanction'd by the state,
Envy pursues me, and I'm compass'd round
By minions that would glory in my fall.

VIOLANTE.

Dear madam! see, she comes.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O bear me up
Ye trembling limbs, and lie thou still my heart!

Enter the INFANTA DONA BRANCA, ALVARO GONSALVES, and SOLDIERS.

DONA BRANCA.

The intreaties of the king shall then prevail:
Not that my heart can boast of any hope.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

His majesty has graciously declar'd,
To-morrow's sun shall on your nuptials shine.

DONA BRANCA.

I dare not on his promises confide.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

Princess! Dona Ignez comes.

DONA BRANCA.

Alvaro!

I will not see that face, whose piteous looks
Can gain upon the mercy of the king;
Whose beauties thus have dar'd to rob my peace,
And blast my hopes.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

Revenge will follow soon.

DONA BRANCA.

Come, Alvaro! for I must not see her.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Most beauteous princess! I permission crave,
With rev'ence, to salute your royal hand.

(Kneels.)

DONA BRANCA.

Now I'll be reveng'd.—With seeming pleasure,
At first I'll listen; then with galling words
I'll harrow up her soul. *(Aside.)* Rise Dona Ignez!
It is not fit, that one, I hold so dear,
Should humbly kneel. I must not see you thus.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

I'm quite o'erpower'd with pleasure, when I think,
That you, Signora! in these lovely walks,
Should such attention and such kindness shew.

DONA BRANCA.

Thus honor'd with your presence, I must feel
Myself your debtor.

VIOLANTE.

So far, all is well.

(Aside.)

DONA BRANCA.

How sad would be that face, eclips'd those eyes,
 Did she but know her lord a pris'ner is!
 But, thus my hate disguis'd, I'll know each thought,
 Each secret winding of her tim'rous heart. (*Aside.*)
 How can I thank you for this great respect,
 Or e'er express the gratitude I owe?
 And yet, methinks, e'en now some secret woe
 Is lurking in your breast. Tell your sorrows,
 And if my power can minister relief,
 I'll find some precious balm to heal them up.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Can this be feign'd? No, no.—My heart is strong.
 (*Aside.*)

DONA BRANCA.

O Ignez! Do I not deserve, to hear
 Your sorrow, and participate your grief?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Illustrious Infanta! None more than you
 Can now obliterate the pangs I feel.
 Your virtues and your power combin'd, with ease
 Could change to joy the sorrows that consume me.

DONA BRANCA.

I know the wishes of thy wicked heart,

But ign'rance must be feign'd, until the hour,
When vengeance, arm'd with cruel words, shall strike
Thy soul with horrors, which it dreamt not of.

(*Aside.*)

Tell me, Ignez! How can I assist you.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Oh, my timorous heart!

DONA BRANCA.

Dismiss your fears,
And every wish with confidence unfold.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

To crown my wishes and dismiss my fears,
Would add new lustre to your glorious name,
And all the world your goodness would applaud.
With tears and pray'rs your pity I implore,
Oh, do not urge your nuptials with the prince,
Nor rend two hearts united by the ties
Of sacred love! I know you are benign.

DONA BRANCA.

Peace, Ignez, peace! These words offend me much.
Dare you thus openly declare your crimes?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Crimes, Signora! alas! you judge—

DONA BRANCA.

No more.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Merciful heavens! my error has been great;
By her dissembled goodness, thus led on,
To open all the secrets of my heart. *(Aside.)*

DONA BRANCA.

How shall I stifle rage? *(Aside.)*

VIOLANTE.

At first, her looks
Beam'd the mild rays of charity, but now,
Dark hate and pride sit scowling on her brow.
(Aside.)

DONA BRANCA.

Ignez! By loving you the prince has lost
His father's favor; and, by his command,
He must to-morrow give his hand to me.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Oh!

DONA BRANCA.

His temerity so vex'd the king,

That by his orders, he to-day is sent
A pris'ner to the castle.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Mighty heavens!
What do I hear?

DONA BRANCA.

When morn, with golden hand,
Leads forth her bridegroom from the purple east,
Through all the valleys, acclamations loud
And din of shouting pop'lace shall proclaim
My marriage with the prince, and general joy.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Oh! I have borne enough! Can you delight
To drive your murd'ring arrows thro' my heart?—
But I'll no longer with complaisance stand
The sport of infamy and jest of pride. *(Aside.)*

DONA BRANCA.

Dismiss all hope, for it is truly vain:
Reflect upon the diff'rence of our ranks,
And never dare again to vie with me.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Know you from whom my lineage I derive?

DONA BRANCA.

Wherefore ask me that?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

If you knew my birth,
You would not thus look on me with disdain,
Altho' I've kneel'd and humbly ask'd your aid.

DONA BRANCA.

That you are Dona Iñez de Castro,
Well I know. In me, behold a princess,
The Infanta of Navarre. If your face
Can boast of beauties I do not possess,
I can to pedigree appeal.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Princess!
I see contempt and hate do guide your thoughts,
Unconscious of the blood from whence I spring.
I will not claim my rivalship in charms,
But own myself your equal as to birth.

DONA BRANCA.

How?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Yes, 'tis true.—I will defend my rights.

DONA BRANCA.

* O Ignez, stay thy flight, nor headstrong tempt
 The sun's meridian height; lest, like that youth,
 Whose daring mind soar'd up to heav'n and seiz'd
 The fiery horses of the east, you fall

K

* The following is a literal translation of this, and two other passages, after the speech of Dona Ignez de Castro.

DONA BRANCA—Dona Ignez! Stay your flights and return to your proper situation. Let this advice and striking example serve you for correction. A WHITE HERON (BRANCA GARÇA,) the daughter of the lightness of the winds, flew so high one day, as if it pretended to nicely examine the brightness of the sun. A proud camelopard† provoked at her daring boldness, tore her in pieces—a chastisement for her high flights. I intend to warn you that the fall is dangerous from lofty heights.

* * * * *

DONA BRANCA—What rashness! recollect the fall of the Heron.

DONA IGNEZ—But I remember you said it was a White Heron, that made such daring flights.

It will easily be perceived, that the play upon the words BRANCA and GARÇA (alluding to the name of the Infanta and the appellation of Dona Ignez de Castro, see p. 17,) are inadmissible into an English translation; similar puns and witticisms are frequently introduced into the tragedies of the Spanish and Portuguese writers.

† In the original XARIFALTE. This word is not to be found in the Portuguese or Spanish dictionaries, but in the

Rest of those blooming honors, which your heart
Had fondly fancied you e'en now possess'd.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

This speech is worthy of the Infanta. *(Aside.)*

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Princess! With all respect your birth demands,
Permit me to require you will not thus,
By false comparisons, my rank traduce.
I'm Dona Ignez de Castro. In Spain
E'en from my youth have I been fam'd for charms,
Of which till now I never made a boast;
From Pedro de Castro my birth I claim,
As did an only sister, who was queen
Of all the fair domains of proud Castile.
My brothers now enjoy the rank you bear;
And from a line of kings, whose mighty deeds
Illustrious shine, in right descent I come.
If you set forth your title of Navarre,

Arabico-Latinum Lexicon of Golius we find ZERAIF OR XERAIF
Camelopardalis unde Hisp. Girafa, &c. From this it is most pro-
bable that XARIF-ALIE is a corruption of the Arabic XERAIF,
joined to some Portuguese word, to which the adjective ALTO,
signifying *lofty*, approaches nearest; and from the camelopard
having an extraordinary long neck, we may imagine this to be
the meaning of the author. Arabic words are common in the
Portuguese language.

I stand here princess royal of Portugal,
The lawful consort of the prince. I now
Declare my marriage heretofore conceal'd.
To all the sarcasms that your hate may shower
On Ignez, as Don Pedro's wife I'll speak.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

What pride!

DONA BRANCA.

Nay stop thy rashness Dona Ignez, for—

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Believe me, princess! that your keen reproach
Has forc'd the sharp expressions I have us'd;
You know not that the blood, whose vital power
This body animates, is near allied
To that which flows in Dona Branca veins.
O let me not suppose it your desire,
To see, unmov'd, the sorrows of a wretch,
Whose only hope of safety now depends
On one, who in the hour when dangers rise
Would boldly o'er her spread the shield of love;
But now in fetters in a dungeon lies.
I had some hopes from you, but now, alas!
I see my doom is seal'd, and I must fall.
I will withdraw, I'm hateful in your sight.

May heav'n bless you, and strengthen my poor heart!
Violante, let me seek my tender babes,
Amidst this shock of misery I'll find
Some comfort in their innocence and smiles.

(Exeunt Dona Iñez de Castro and Violante.)

DONA BRANCA.

Alvaro! Is this the ease I hop'd for?

ALVARO GONSALVES.

Gentle princess! yet have patience, for soon
Your many injuries shall be reveng'd.

DONA BRANCA.

Oh! talk not thus; no more I'll hear revenge.
My absence now alone can heal the wound.
Vengeance shall cease.—Come, lead me to the king,
Before the prince I will renounce my claims.

(Exit.)

ALVARO GONSALVES.

O Portugal! thy safety now I fear.

(Exit.)

ACT II. SCENE III.

A lighted Hall.

Enter

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO AND VIOLANTE.

VIOLANTE.

Dearest Signora! I have always said,
Your kind expressions would conclude in tears.
Th' Infanta's heart is harder than a rock,
And all endeavours to subdue her hate
Are idle as his rage who chides the deep.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

I never thought my humbleness would be
Return'd with scorn.

VIOLANTE.

You might as well attempt
To soothe the rabid howlings of a wolf
To gentle fawnings, as her nature change.
Have you not felt the arrows of her wrath?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Passion too highly buoy'd me up, but then,
Who in a state so dismal could have stood
Unmov'd and patient. O unhappy prince!
A prison's gloomy walls enclose thee now.
Who shall assistance bring, or save me from
Th' accusations of those bloody tyrants,
Who, ever near the person of the king,
May gain their savage will and urge my death?

VIOLANTE.

Soft! I hear some one approaches.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Alas!

VIOLANTE.

Be not distress'd, I'll go and bring you word.

(Exit.)

Enter the PRINCE.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

What do I see?

DON PEDRO.

Come to these arms, my life!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

My prince! my lord!

DON PEDRO.

Thou sum of all my bliss.

But let's begone, delay might cost us dear.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Whence are thy fears? Thy sadly alter'd mein
Portends some rising storm; and great indeed
Must be the tempest that can make thee shrink,
And fill thy manly soul with fears like these.

DON PEDRO.

To save thy life, for death thy step attends.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Then let me fall and all thy cares will cease.

DON PEDRO.

Not so, my love! how cruel was that speech!
My life's so link'd to thine, my dearest Iñez!
Whate'er befalls thee is our common lot.
What cruelty then in thee to wish for death?
Come, let us lose not now the precious time,
This moment is propitious to our lives.
My father issu'd orders for my seizure,

And threatens you, my only joy, with death :
I came to save and to defend thy life,
Let not my efforts in thy cause be vain.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

And whither, Pedro! would you wish to fly?

DON PEDRO.

Where'er the busy fates may guide our steps,
Where, without fear, I may in peace enjoy,
The sweetest treasure that delights my soul.
Among the rugged mountains let us rove,
Unmindful of our former pomp and splendour ;
Companions of the shepherds let us live,
Innocent, tho' poor, we'll lead a happy life.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O Pedro! I must here resist thy love.
It is not just that I should e'er consent,
That you, amid the horrors that distract
The state, and all your aid and care demand,
Should royalty renounce and pomp of courts,
O'er wilds and dreary wastes to roam with me.
Make peace, my love! and let me leave thee here ;
But let me take my babes, where'er I am,
Their lovely smiles some comfort will afford ;
With them I'll seek the wood's dark gloom, and there,

Amid the howlings of the savage beasts,
With pray'rs I'll call th' avenging hand of heaven
Upon those cool bloodthirsty tyrants, who,
With such success, have torn our hearts with woe.
I and my children, poor wand'ring outcasts,
Will teach the world the vanity of all
Th' enchanting hopes of joy, which love dictates,
When cross'd by adverse fate. Thus I'll escape
The savage persecutions of the king.

O purest faith! guard me in this retreat,
Make me still grateful for my Pedro's love;
And let that precious hand, which, on the day
That join'd our hearts, you gave, be ever mine.
And if perchance, my prince! the time shall come,
When you in majesty shall wear the crown,
Then, mindful of our loves, let me return
To share thy honours, to thy lov'd embrace,
And, O my Pedro! I shall die content.

DON PEDRO.

Beauteous Ignez, dry up these woeful tears;
Why wish to kill me with this mournful tale?
Is't not enough, that with the wiles of love
You steal away my soul? But Ignez, come!
Fly, fly the dangers that surround thy life.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

And you, my Pedro—

DON PEDRO.

Ne'er will leave you more.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

These cruel traitors, to whose accusations
Your father lends a willing, list'ning ear—

DON PEDRO.

Fear them not, my love! my arm protects thee.
These savage tyrants soon shall feel my ire,
And one day shrink beneath my just revenge.
My life! I'll lead thee.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Where are my children?

DON PEDRO.

Their tender looks have won my father's heart,
And they would now impede our flight.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Alas!

I cannot leave them. Alphonso, Diniz—

(Calling them.)

DON PEDRO.

Will you not resolve? Why wish to make me
Hateful in my father's sight.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O my babes!

DON PEDRO.

Hark! I hear a step in th' adjoining hall.

Enter the CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE.

Your highness!—

DON PEDRO.

What now?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O my prophetic thoughts!

DON PEDRO.

Your message speak, make haste!

CONSTABLE.

Unconquer'd prince!

Obedience ne'er so heavy on me sat—

DON PEDRO.

What is your errand? I lose all patience.

CONSTABLE.

The king, relying on my former deeds,

Impos'd this heavy duty on his slave,
To reconduct you to the castle. Prince!
My soul is harrow'd up with grief, for I
Must now throw off obedience to my king,
Or else be odious to the prince I love.

DON PEDRO.

Constable! retire.

CONSTABLE.

My lord! behold me
Thus kneeling at your feet, with all the due
Respect I owe your rank; but, remember,
I am the humble servant of the king;
You are his son; his orders disobey'd,
Your highness may be free; I must be blam'd.

DON PEDRO.

Constable! If I resist the orders,
Then you are not to blame.

CONSTABLE.

By resistance,
Prince! you to no effect your crime increase.
No sooner did the news of your escape
Come to your father's ears, than all in rage
Gonsalves and myself were quick dispatch'd

To take you. Now all hopes of flight are vain,
For Alvaro with choicest guards begirts
The palace round and stops each avenue.
To fly were death. His majesty is near.

DON PEDRO.

My father's cruelty then desires my death,
I shall be lost, for now my heart is torn
With sense of duty, and with sense of love.

CONSTABLE.

My lord!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Dearest Pedro!

DON PEDRO.

I'm distracted.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Oh, my love!

DON PEDRO.

Beloved Iñez, let us fly!

(Draws his sword.)

CONSTABLE.

But whither?—

Will his passion lead him to destruction?

DON PEDRO.

Compar'd with this eternity of woe,
What is the dread of death? We die but once,
And, when we die, our cares and sorrows cease.
O Iñez, let us fly!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

No, no; my love!

DON PEDRO.

Do you hesitate?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O Pedro! hear me first.
That heart is not sincere, which would not strive
T' avert the storm, and not endanger thus
The object of its love.

DON PEDRO.

My ev'ry thought
Is for thy safety. Can you doubt my love?

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

I can't consent.

DON PEDRO.

Oh! then you wish to die.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

'Tis but to save thy life I wish to die.
No hopes are left, we never can escape
The vengeance of the king, whose soldiers now
This place surround. Whatever way we go
Grim danger stares. Behold me ready then
With blood to bathe the altars of revenge,
And sacrifice my life in your defence:
To ease thy woes, with pleasure I will die.

DON PEDRO.

I will have no reply.—That ne'er shall be.

CONSTABLE.

My lord!

DON PEDRO.

Whoe'er shall dare to stay our flight,
His life for his presumption shall atone.

Enter the KING.

KING.

I stay thy flight, rash youth! fulfil thy word;
And let thy dagger drink thy father's blood.

DON PEDRO.

O heavens, distraction!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O distressing scene!

KING.

Yes, sheath thy dagger in thy father's breast;
Be Nero-like, a parricide accurs'd.
What stops thy impious hand, inhuman wretch?

DON PEDRO.

O father, father! I am lost indeed,
And all the stars upon my fortune lower.
Behold me prostrate at your feet, to crave
Your pardon, and deliver up my sword.

KING.

Conduct the prince close pris'ner to the tower;
Double the guards and ev'ry pass secure.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O mighty potentate! on me alone
Let all the fury of your anger rage,
Who am the author of the prince's crimes.

KING.

Peace, I'll no more.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Spurn me not, my liege!
Let me not plead in vain! Let not revenge
O'ercome the wonted feelings of your breast!

DON PEDRO.

O angels! aid her prayer.

KING.

Be firm my heart,
And in this awful trial bear me up. (*Aside.*)
All thoughts of pity from my breast are fled;
With scorn have all my mandates been contemn'd,
And you (*to Iñez*) th' Infanta's rage with keen re-
proach
And contumelious menaces have rous'd.

DON PEDRO.

Egas Coelho, Signor, gave me freedom,
And yet the traitor doth accuse me now.

KING.

He could not do it, strict my orders were;
I knew thy temper, and I fear'd the worst.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

If with opprobrious words and keen reproach

I did insult th' Infanta of Navarre,
They were the offspring of an injur'd breast;
My blood revolted at her foul abuse,
Allied to you by family and birth,
The insults I receiv'd, I counted yours.

KING.

Could ought but keen revilings be your hope,
When thus you stand between her and her joys.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Her's was a darker crime. She ne'er could think,
That I'd with timid apathy resign
To her my lawful rights. I ever must
From calumny protect our marriage vows,
Register'd in heav'n and grav'n on our hearts.

KING.

I've heard you, and I tremble for your fate.
Not all the tender eloquence of woe,
Nor all th' enchantments that your lips can breathe,
Can move me to compassionate your lot.
And as against the honour of my throne,
With secret wiles, this union has been made,
By law I must resolve it in the grave.

DON PEDRO.

O my sire!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

My lord!

KING.

Leave me.

CONSTABLE.

O my liege!

It grieves me much to see you thus; I know
These heavy troubles hasten on your death,
I see your bosom agoniz'd with grief,
And with the people, who all know your love,
Wish to preserve a sov'reign just and good.

KING.

Conduct the prince according to my orders,
And let this quinta be beset with guards.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Heavens! will you take my life?

KING.

I condemn thee.

DON PEDRO.

Then with my life will I protect her.

CONSTABLE.

Prince!
To the castle.

DON PEDRO.

What savage law is this?

KING.

A law that soon shall executed be.

DON PEDRO.

I'll see it not; but if it be enforc'd,
Revenge shall wade with me in seas of blood.

CONSTABLE.

I never saw a scene
So sad as this.

DON PEDRO.

Farewell, my life, my love!

(Exeunt Pedro and Constable.)

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O Pedro, my beloved lord! *(Exit.)*

KING.

This scene, where woe presides, doth rend my heart
How hard my fate, a father and a judge. *(Exit.)*

End of Act Second.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Palace of Dona Iñez de Castro.

Enter

THE KING, ALVARO GONSALVES, EGAS
COELHO, and GUARDS.

KING.

Let all the turbulence of passion now
Subside, and reason firmly take her seat.
To day your council must decide the fate
Of Dona Iñez. Soldiers, all retire.
A case like this demands the nicest care,
That scrup'lous justice, which should ever rule
A monarch's actions and a powerful state.
Dismiss all love or hatred from your breasts,
And with impartial council let me hear
The fate of Dona Iñez. Certain things
There are, however, which 'tis right you know.
Know then, that we and our illustrious queen,
In whom so many virtues are combin'd,
For long, in vain, have sought the fairest means,

To shun this mournful tragedy; but all
His mother's kind persuasion and advice
And all our sternest threats were vainly urg'd,
T' o'ercome the disposition of the prince,
Before his wild rebellion, which suspends
Portentous clouds of danger o'er the state.
But Reason's sight is dim when Beauty's eye
Soft rapture kindles in the youthful heart.
I have forbodings oft, that, when I'm dead,
The eloquence of Ignez may succeed
To place her children on the Lusian throne,
And thus exclude Fernando from his right.
Should power become a minister to will,
What evil consequences may not rise!
I ask your council, but in mem'ry bear,
No partial judgment is to guide your thoughts.
Let us dissolve this union; but call up
No secret prejudice or stern decree
Against the life of Ignez.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

Weighing well
The sad events which one day might alarm
The constitution's peace and vex the state,
My fixt opinion is we should remove
The cause, for with the cause would die th' effect.
Petitions presented by the people,

Nor yet the strong intreaties of the queen,
Nor yet his sire's rebukes can move the prince.
How strong the force of beauty, in a fair
Whom we have long admir'd, we all agree.
The sad events, which in Castile befel
Your daughter, by Ellinor* the mistress
Of Alonso, fresh in your mem'ry stands;
How, with a youthful lover's ardent zeal,
All arts destructive were in secret tried
To strangle in the womb her son, who born

* Ellinor Nunnez de Guzman, mistress of Alonso XI. of Castile, who was married to Mary, daughter of the king of Portugal. Don John Emanuel, of the blood royal of Castile, had a daughter named Constance, who was contracted to the prince Don Pedro of Portugal, however the match was a long time delayed by the Castilian monarch, who betrothed himself to her, and leaving her, married the princess Mary of Portugal. Mary was cruelly used by Alonso, who treated her as a concubine, and the lady Ellinor as queen. Don John, desirous of revenge on the king of Portugal for marrying the princess Mary to Alonso, and defeating the alliance of his daughter Constance with that monarch, tried every measure in his power to persuade the lady Ellinor to prevail upon Alonso to annul his marriage with Mary, and marry her; to justify which, he said the king and queen were within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity. Ellinor, however, considering the danger of rising from a mistress to a queen, slighted his advice, by which means the evil designs of Don John were frustrated. Constance was afterwards married to Don Pedro.

FARIA Y SOUSA.

Alive was heir unto the Spanish crown.
The sad remembrance of this deadly scene,
My liege! inspires me with the wish t' avert
A like event; that Portugal may not
In Dona Ignez and the prince behold
Such dire examples. Send her to Castile,
Where, distant from the prince, she may reside
Beneath her brothers' care. Thus without death
The kingdom's safety may be still preserv'd.

EGAS COELHO.

My thoughts, my liege! are not alike to these.
Absence would but increase Don Pedro's love,
And who can then secure your majesty
Against the machinations of the prince.
Are not her brothers' powerful in Castile?
Rous'd by the ambitious wish to see a crown
Circle their sister's forehead, might they not
By council urge the prince to rise in arms?
Her death at once would make the state secure.

ALVARO GONSALVES.

The dreadful scene that Egas would present,
Of riot and rebellion stalking round
Our desolated villages and towns,
Strikes horror to my heart. I join with you,
Coelho, that 'tis proper one should die,

To keep inviolate the kingdom's peace.

KING.

O mournful fate! I fear it must be so;
Thy safety, Portugal, demands her death.
Oh, would to God, I ne'er had been a king
To sit as judge and pass this cruel sentence.
But there's no remedy.

EGAS COELHO.

I fear 'tis so.

KING.

Then must she die?

ALVARO GONSALVES.

The public voice demands
This sacrifice of blood.

KING.

Wretched Ignez!

O what malignant star guided thy step
To Portugal? alas! to suffer death,
And be a sad example to thy sex.

The beauteous victim now before us call.

(Exit. Egas Coelho.)

KING.

Unhappy Beauty! who could e'er suppose
That thou could'st be a crime deserving death.
Unwelcome dowry, nature's worst of gifts!
Ah, what avails to wear the grace of heav'n,
That in the jocund morn thy sun should beam
Such bright effulgence round, if thus to be
The mournful prelude to a gloomy night
Closing in heaviest woe!

ALVARO GONSALVES.

If your heart melts
To see her sorrows, how shall we perform
The execution of this just decree.

KING.

Alvaro! you have lately seen me in
The dreadful office of a judge, but still
The arms of pity twine around my soul.
Upon her beauties I must shed a tear,
And feel compassion for her fallen state.

Enter DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO with her
CHILDREN, and EGAS COELHO.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

I now behold the end of all my woes
Rushing with horror on my dismal view.

KING.

The pallid colour of her cheek betrays
The bitter pangs that shake her anguish'd soul.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

My honor'd king, my liege! what means all this?
Why thus employ an armed force against
A poor defenceless woman, who now bends
With tears imploring mercy at your feet.
What cruelty is this! Perchance you thought
Resistance would be made; but 'tis not so.
A frowning look of anger from that face
Would soon o'ercome a frame so weak as mine;
Beauty, my liege, is but a poor defence
Against the powerful arm of tyranny.
Shall the bright sword, sharp'd for the flinty heart,
Out of its scabbard flash, and crimson grow
With female blood? Whoever could have thought,
That rous'd with anger you would hurl revenge
On one, whose sex demands your kind protection?
You, who in battle have so oft been known
To grant your pardon to the prostrate Moor,
Will you shew mercy to all else but me?
And is my destiny so firmly fix'd,
That it your wonted clemency can change?
If all my lamentation cannot move
Your soul to pity, let my children plead

Their mother's cause, and mix their mournful cries
With tears of innocence. O hear, my liege!
The guileless suppliants, whom I now present,
The witnesses of what are call'd my crimes,
And pleaders of the pardon which I crave.

DON ALPHONSO.

O do not hurt my mother, for her love
To us is great. But she is still in tears.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O heavens! inspire thy tongue to move his soul.

KING.

Dona Ignez! 'tis just I shew my rage;
Your sighs and tears are all in vain. Of such
Distractions in the state have you been cause,
That now the public voice demands your death.
'Tis Pedro's love for you his marriage bars,
So greedily desir'd by all the realm.
And yet I wish to save thy life from all
The pressing dangers that surround thee now.
I see but one way which can turn thy fate;
Resolve this hated union with my son,
He then, perhaps, th' Infanta may espouse,
And, peace restor'd, you may escape with life.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

This is the envy of the unstable crowd;
But death alone can lose the sacred tie,
Which at the holy altar join'd our hearts.

KING.

The holy church its sanction ne'er would give,
For, by its canons, being so near in blood,
Your marriage is illegal. Ought you not
Therefore to dissolve this union. The state
Annuls it, and divorce need not be us'd.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Before we ratified the vows, my liege,
Which made me Pedro's wife, he my husband
All ties of consanguinity we los'd,
And bound our hearts in firmest chains of love.

KING.

What hast thou said? unhappy Iñez, thus
Thou passest condemnation on thyself.
I cannot help thee now.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O wretched fate!
What—shall the just defence I wish to make,
Become a crime to aid the will of them

Whose savage persecutions seek my life?
 Have you not now my kindred to you own'd?
 And to escape the ruin, whose chill storms
 Now darkens o'er my head, shall I become
 Unworthy of your race? What tyranny!
 What savage law is this, that trampling thus
 On virtue's holy vesture seals my doom?
 Th' anxiety, unspotted to preserve my name
 By calumny, is construed into crime.

KING.

This sense of honor I must still commend,
 I praise your virtue and lament your fate.

EGAS COELHO.

My liege! my lord. (*Aside.*)

ALVARO GONSALVES.

This meeting doth portend
 No good. (*Aside.*) My liege! 'twere best you should
 retire.

KING.

Beloved Ignez, my daughter, O heavens!

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Am I not lost?

KING.

Not so, my child! heav'n knows
Thy sorrows grieve me much, and with what force
Pity still intercedes to save thy life.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Take, O take compassion on me, Signor!

KING.

How can I shew mercy, when the towns
Of all the nation echo forth your crime,
And ev'ry voice is clam'rous for your death.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

O wretched Ignez!—O beloved babes!
My weary eyes, grown dim with ceaseless tears,
Your harmless visages can scarcely view.
O sorrowful time! yet but a little hour,
And then, to all their tyranny adieu.
But terror fills my bosom, and I feel
The hand of death comes chilly o'er my frame.
O heav'n be kind! The clemency of man
And ev'ry human succour is denied.

DON ALPHONSO.

If you don't pity on my mother take,
I will no longer be your friend.

KING.

There's now
No remedy. Take the children hence!

ALVARO GONSALVES and EGAS COELHO.

Come,
Princes!

DON ALPHONSO.

O let us with my mother stay.
I'll tell my father all your cruel treatment.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Take my children from me! cruelty refin'd!
O do not make me feel a thousand deaths.
Restore my children to my longing arms,
Nor thus with tyranny my bosom rend.

KING.

O heavens, what torments now press on my soul.
Alvaro and Coelho your task perform,
My eyes cannot look on and see her die.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

Will you leave me with these savage tyrants?
O wretched fate! Oh! what impiety is this!
Release me, tyrants! give me to my babes,

Return my children to my sad embrace,
And in their presence let me close my eyes.
My heart grows faint.

KING.

Come Alphonso, Diniz.

(Takes them by the hand.)

DON ALPHONSO.

Beloved mother, farewell! my grand sire
Drags me from you.

DONA IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

My sweet delights, my babes!
When time shall steal upon your infant years,
The mem'ry of your mother's woes and all
The savage pangs which tore my tender heart
Will rush with bitter horror on your thoughts.
And against you, who, deaf to pity's voice,

(To the king.)

Now cut me off when in the prime of life,
Unto th' avenging throne of heav'n I call;
Against whose judgments there is no appeal,
Where bliss eternal crowns the virtuous brow,
And where the suff'ring tyrant pleads in vain.—
But from my eyes the glim'ring light recedes,
My trembling feet refuse their wonted step,

And all the agonies of death press on me.
 My children, O my babes!—Pedro, husband!
 Where are you? Why come you not to help me,
 Struggling with the power of death? Off murd'ers,
 Spare your cruel fury!—I faint—I die—Oh!—
*(Exeunt Alvaro Gonsalves, and Egas Coelho,
 bearing off the body of Dona Iñez.)*

KING.

Iñez! Why did I make thee suffer thus?
 Come, unhappy infants, let's leave this place.

DON ALPHONSO.

O best of mothers! who can help thee now?

Enter the INFANTA DONA BRANCA.

DONA BRANCA.

Oppress'd with grief, I come, my liege,—

KING.

Now are
 You reveng'd, at the cost of all my peace;
 If you possess a heart like that, which urg'd
 Me on to do this savage deed; look there,
 And see her blighted hopes. O wretched king!
 This fatal shock will bring me to the grave.
(Exit with the children.)

DONA BRANCA.

O Signor, hear me, stay and tell me all!
His cheek is blanch'd and tremor shakes his limbs.
Did he not ask an audience, wherefore then
My presence fly, and leave me thus in doubt.
I know not what my tim'rous heart forbodes,
O God of heav'n, what torments shall I feel
If by his orders Dona Ignez fell?
This grief excessive and this silent gloom
Which, fixt, prevail throughout the castle halls,
Conspire t' advise me of her wretched fate.

Enter VIOLANTE.

VIOLANTE.

Where shall I fly, where shall my aching eyes
A place behold from tyranny secure?
The prowling beasts that roam about for prey
In Lybia's deserts and Arabia's wilds,
Are not so fierce as these.

DONA BRANCA.

Why thus distres'd?
What moves thy soul to grief?

VIOLANTE.

Do you ask that?

O drive me not on you to vent my hate,
And chide you with my tears.

DONA BRANCA.

It must be so,
As my sad thoughts forbode; for pity's sake
Explain thy grief, nor leave me in suspense.

VIOLANTE.

Without a rival you may now enjoy
That happiness you've panted for so long;
But, when the voice of exultation fills
The banquet, murder in your ears will shriek.
Alas! they pierc'd her bosom with their swords.

DONA BRANCA.

Be calm. By all yon spangled sheen I swear,
Tho' falsehood tell the world, when Ignez fell
That proud Navarre presided at her death;
I was not privy to or sought the deed.
'Tis true, I pin'd with ardent love, which met
With no return, and wept my own disgrace;
But still my heart, a monster so abhor'd
As murder never harbour'd; much I wish'd
My absence, when I saw how love had twin'd
Their hearts in one and all the prospect gloom'd,
So lately bright with such fair gleams of hope.

And thou, O faithful servant, tell the prince
I am not guilty of this crime, nor wish'd
With woe to rend his heart; that innocent
I leave the realm, in silence to lament
This tragic scene and weep his wretched fate.

(Exit the Infanta Dona Branca.)

VIOLANTE.

Where shall I go? my ev'ry joy is fled,
And all the world seems but a dreary waste.

ACT III. SCENE II.

The Country: the Palace in the Distance.

Enter

DON PEDRO and the CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE

Come, my lord! let's hasten on.

DON PEDRO.

If I should
Find my sire no more?

CONSTABLE.

Take comfort, my prince!
It is a debt that ev'ry one must pay,
And from which no mortal can escape;
When sickness seized him I was by his side,
In agonizing pain he rais'd his head,
And, bath'd in tears, demanded me to seek
Your highness, that his latest breath might fall
With tenderness and blessings on his son.
My prompt obedience was my only answer,
Haste then, my lord!

DON PEDRO.

O my prophetic thoughts,
What sad forbodings hurry o'er my soul!

Enter NUNO DA CUNHA.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Permit me to salute your royal hand.

DON PEDRO.

Parent of mercy! Is my father dead?

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Yes, we have lost our king, and you your sire.

DON PEDRO.

What sad, what woeful tidings dost thou bring.

CONSTABLE.

My king expir'd! O ye malignant stars!

NUNO DA CUNHA.

And ere he died the poinard did its work:

Alvaro's and Coelho's murd'ring hands

By his command the princess Ignez stabb'd.

(Aside to Constable.)

CONSTABLE.

By council most perverse these cruel tyrants

Have sway'd his majesty; but let them dread:

Tremendous vengeance on their crimes will fall.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Who shall announce these tidings to the king.

CONSTABLE.

For such a task my resolution fails.

DON PEDRO.

'Tis by the sacred providence ordain'd,

That this sad tribute must be paid by all;

Let now my vassals mourn this heavy loss,

And print a kiss on his paternal hand;
I midst th' agony of my grief will follow.
Go, Nuno, tell my Ignez of his death,
And our succession to the throne announce;
Assure her of my love, and say the court
Which now in sorrow droops shall rise in joy.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Alas! how will he bear this dreadful tale?

DON PEDRO.

Nuno, go.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Know, my liege!

DON PEDRO.

What now?—

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Scarce was
Your father dead, when Egas and Alvaro
Betook themselves to flight, for—

DON PEDRO.

They had cause
To dread my vengeance as accusers false.
Go, haste, in quest of the delinquents send

The holy brotherhood, for I intend,
That suppliant at my Ignez' feet they fall,
And her first act of mercy shall be shewn
In pardoning their crimes.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

O what distress!

CONSTABLE.

I fear the grief he'll feel will cause his death.

(*Aside.*)

DON PEDRO.

My dearest Ignez, O my best belov'd!
With what delight the throne I'll share with thee;
And the cruel vassals, whose contemptuous pride
Oppos'd our joys, by my command shall stoop
And kiss thy lovely hand. Their sov'reign's wife
By them shall be acknowledg'd as their queen.

Enter VIOLANTE.

VIOLANTE.

A sorrowing wanderer on the earth,
Where shall I fly?—I'll now wipe off my tears.

DON PEDRO.

Violante!

VIOLANTE.

Ah, my lord!

DON PEDRO.

Why thus in tears?
Tell me, why dost thou weep?

VIOLANTE.

He knows it not—
I cannot tell the cruel deed.

(Aside.)

DON PEDRO.

Violante!
Where is my love?

VIOLANTE.

My blood runs chill with fear.

(Aside.)

DON PEDRO.

What do I see? her silence and her tears
Betray some hidden anguish in her breast.
Do not leave me in suspence.

Enter DONA BRANCA.

DONA BRANCA.

Royal Pedro!

My heart is torn with grief, and scarce my tongue
 Can utterance find. First know, I swear to heav'n
 That I ne'er took a part in this sad scene,
 This mournful tragedy. Urg'd by th' advice
 And council of Gonsalves and Coelho,
 And, by false accusations much enrag'd,
 Your father, with these tyrants, bent his steps
 Unto the quinta of Dona Iñez;
 And there, more savage than the fiercest beasts,
 Their bosoms burning with unmanly ire,
 Impious tyrants, but Oh—I die with grief!
 They sheath'd their daggers in her lovely breast.

DON PEDRO.

Heavens,—help!

(*Swoons.*)

DONA BRANCA.

This day is big with heaviest woe.

VIOLANTE.

My king, my lord, heav'n in mercy help him!

DONA BRANCA.

O sad, heart-breaking sight. Ho, within there!

Enter NUNO DA CUNHA.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Your pleasure, princess!

DONA BRANCA.

See the king has swoon'd.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

A cold sweat now hangs o'er his face.

DONA BRANCA.

I fear

This shock is arm'd with death; what can I hope?
At ev'ry step some scene of woe presides.
Why should I tarry here? Was it for this
I left Castile, my brother and my friends?
I'll to Navarre return.

(Exit.)

VIOLANTE.

See, he revives!

NUNO DA CUNHA.

My honour'd king, tho' just your cause to grieve,
Attend unto the welfare of the state,
Which much requires your succour and your aid.
Let not the realm another sov'reign mourn.
But as your innocent and much lov'd wife,
Torn from your heart, now lies a breathless corps,
Live and revenge her death.

DON PEDRO.

Dearest Ignez!

O my much lov'd wife! thy most virtuous soul
Flitting the prison, in which 'twas here confin'd,
To heav'n ascended, now enjoys that bliss
On earth denied. Alas! how short our joys.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Take comfort, my lord!

DON PEDRO.

I am distracted.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Do not so much, my lord! give way to grief.

DON PEDRO.

They only know the anguish of my heart,
Who, in like manner, may have felt its pangs.
Alas! I've lost all that my soul held dear,
A loss which all the world cannot restore.
O reason hold thy seat! come, Nuno, come.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Whither my liege?

DON PEDRO.

To see my murder'd wife,

And clasp within these arms her lifeless corps.
Violante! Go prepare that jewell'd crown,
Which I so often promis'd with these hands
To place upon her head.

VIOLANTE.

My lord, I will
Obey your orders and renew my grief.

(Exit. Violante.)

DON PEDRO.

With all convenient speed a throne erect,
Adorn'd with regal pomp, whereon shall sit
One, whom the chilly hand of death forbade
To be a living queen.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

Exalted love!
How shall the mem'ry of this scene descend!
Where hope is banish'd and enjoyment fled,
Yet still amid the pomp of ruin shine
With double lustre and affection true.

(Exit Nuno da Cunha.)

DON PEDRO.

I feel as if the blood froze in my veins,
And some sad scene for ever fills my thoughts.

Cruel barbarians! where shall my fury find you?
I vow eternal vengeance to your blood,
And will invent new torments for your crime.
With lavish cruelty I'll burn their hearts,
A dread example of my just revenge;
Eternity itself shall shudder; yes,
I will be savage in revenge.

Enter the CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE

My liege!

DON PEDRO.

Die traitor!

(Drawing his sword.)

CONSTABLE.

See me prostrate at your feet,
But tell me why your aged servant falls?

DON PEDRO.

O Constable! In thee I thought I saw
The savage murd'ers of my wife.

CONSTABLE.

My king!

Much rather would I die, and end a life

Now near its close, than wretched live and see
My sov'reign thus—

DON PEDRO.

My much approved friend,
I can no longer now refrain, these eyes
Must view my martyr'd Ignez.

CONSTABLE.

O my liege!
I dread the woeful sight will rend your soul.

DON PEDRO.

Ah no, the measure of my woe is full;
And yet my fate ordains I still must live.
Immortal will her many virtues be,
And future ages will my doom lament.

(Exeunt Don Pedro and the Constable.)

ACT III. SCENE III.

A magnificent hall, with a canopy over a chair of state, in which is placed the body of Dona Iñez de Castro, near it the crown upon a salver.

Enter

DON PEDRO, NUNO DA CUNHA, CONSTABLE,
GRANDEES and GUARDS.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

My liege! the shortness of the time would not
Permit of any further pomp.

DON PEDRO.

Iñez!—

O wretched fate, to be constrain'd to live
Without thy love. Barbarous, cruel monsters!
Why did their daggers not the deed refuse?
Oh! who can heal the wounds in thy fair breast!
Who can reanimate those darken'd eyes,
And to thy wretched Pedro give thee back!

The sad remembrance of this mournful scene
 Will sharpen my revenge. Cruel, cruel villains,
 Void of mercy and deaf to pity's voice,
 Into her breast to plunge their murd'ring swords.
 To see thy dying eyes and not relent,
 A savage prodigality betrays.
 To see thee as I've seen and see thee now,
 Would riot tame, and make a statue weep.

CONSTABLE.

My liege, the crown—

(Gives the crown to the prince.)

DON PEDRO.

Beloved consort! 'Twas

(placing the crown on her head.)

My firm intent, that when the voice of heav'n
 From earthly pomp to purer bliss my sire
 Should call, to reign and share the throne with thee.
 Tho' lifeless now, the vows I pledg'd and all
 My sacred promises shall be perform'd.
 O'er Cruelty's havoc Glory still shall sway.
 My faithful vassals, kneeling, kiss the hand
 Of that pale form, which, but the fates forbade,
 It would have been your duty to have own'd
 Your mistress and your queen.

CONSTABLE.

My aged locks
The pref'rence here demand. My honor'd liege!
With all respect to you and her I bend
And kiss this royal hand.

NUNO DA CUNHA.

With all the rev'rence
A vassal owes his queen, I do the same.

GRANDEES.

So do we all.

DON PEDRO.

Now Constable! the last
And mournful rites to you I do entrust.
With all pomp due to majesty deceas'd
To Alcobaça; gently move her corpse;
With torches let the road be lighted up,
A thousand to each league. So much my soul
The savage cruelty of her fate bewails,
And on her doom remembrance loves to dwell,
That I in gorgeous splendour would surpass
The fun'ral weeping Artimesia gave
To Mausolus her lord. O dearest wife!
Through ev'ry future age thy mournful tale
Shall fill the eye of mem'ry with a tear.

But Oh, sad fate! that I should be denied
To place the diadem upon thy head,
And call thee queen, while yet the tide of life
With love and pleasure flew along thy veins.

End of Act Third.

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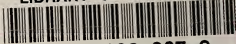
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